# New Republic

MAY 9, 1949


## PENTAGON CENSORS

By MARTIN AGRONSKY

## THE COMMUNIST TRIAL

By BRUCE BLIVEN

## MAX LERNER ON T. S. ELIOT

## HAROLD L. ICKES: ON FRISKING THE ALASKA INDIANS

15¢


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The participants included Joseph Barnes, Abram Bergson, Cyril Black, Lewis Feuer, George Fischer, Louis Fischer, Andrew Gyorgy, John Hazard, Maurice Hindus, Alex Inkeles, Richard Lauterbach, Robert Magidoff, Harry Schwartz, Solomon Schwarz, Ernest J. Simmons, Bertram D. Wolfe.

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**New Republic**

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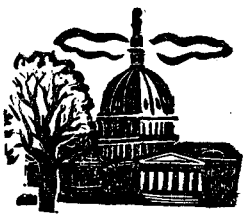
# WASHINGTON WIRE

MONDAY: Took first look at Truman's wonder man, Farm Secretary Brannan. Scene: opening hearing before House Agriculture Committee on big new price-support proposal. Came away impressed. Sense in subdued committee room of anxious US farm population quivering on chair edge to see if 1920 farm crash is going to be repeated.

Brannan bobs up with breath-taking plan equal in audacity to anything FDR ever dreamed up. Basic theory's simple and revolutionary: We give a particular class economic security in return for quite heavy regimentation. If you once accept the theory, then everything else is logical. Farm lobbies want security without price of regimentation; earnestly, deferentially, Brannan argues you can't have it that way.



You'll hear more of Brannan. He was department career man brought in reluctantly by Truman to succeed Anderson as Secretary on temporary basis. Most people underestimated him, then he went out in election, made half a hundred speeches in two weeks and helped carry key farm states. After seeing him, you understand why. Don't be fooled by newspapers pooh-poohing Brannan plan as "screwball"; it's got the GOP terribly worried.

**Tuesday:** House started debate on momentous Taft-Hartley Act repealer. Galleries full; floor half-empty. Scene is the big gloomy House chamber, with sagging ceiling still supported by grim, prewar steel girders. Paradoxical situation develops of Administration fighting efforts of opponents to modify Wood (GOP) bill to make it more like Administration bill; opponents doing same thing against Lesinski (Administration) bill to make it more like their bill. Yet in trying to catch crucial balance-of-power independents, inevitable process of compromise drives two bills somewhat closer together. Actually, Senate will have last word on writing this measure, for it is in strategic bargaining position.

**Wednesday:** Big scene now is Senate Foreign Relations Committee as hearings start on Atlantic Pact, Acheson first witness. Five blinding spotlights on, seven movie cameras, operators wearing ear flaps, using both hands on machines, holding speech scripts in mouths to ruffle through later on so as to start film running again when Acheson reaches lively passages denouncing Soviet. Significant that public seats, for all the whoopla, aren't filled.

Big, bumbling chairman Tom Connally, wearing tuxedo shirt with brass studs, black tie and black silk eye-ribbon, is in his element. He warns cameramen not to pop flashlights in Acheson's face: "You can click, but not bulb!" Acheson, with russet eyebrows and matching Coldstream Guards' mustache, is gratifyingly candid in testimony; has obviously decided that US must understand moral commitment under new treaty or it will be just another meaningless Kellogg Pact. Hearings terribly dull for all that. On second day only three movie crews appear; at end of week, none at all. Public seems to have accepted treaty, is bored by repetitious hearings. Offstage whirring you hear is probably G. Washington turning in grave.

**Thursday:** Truman press conference. White House study more cluttered than when Harry took office. Gadgets and mascots that used to clutter FDR's desk are still mostly in bookshelves but beginning to spill back on Truman desk. Harry wears customary uniform, neat double-breasted suit, striped tie, Legion button. Study doors stand open to soft spring zephyrs from Potomac.

Flocks of reporters. We take our fa-

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vorite position with arm leaning on Simon Bolivar. (Bolivar's prancing horse rocks when excited.) We note big new Chinese cabinet television set in study; apparently none of newspaper boys realizes yet what it is, for no stories of Truman's television have appeared. Questions turn on patronage, and Truman with customary breath-taking candor agrees, yes, it will be used to try to keep recalcitrant Democrats supporting platform on which they were elected. (This regarded as dreadful admission by Pecksniffian editors, who offer no alternative of their own, however, for maintaining what American government most desperately needs—party discipline.) Bolivar begins to rock, so we leave with crowd.

**Notes.** International atmosphere summarized: London believes nothing will come of new foreign ministers' conference after Soviet lifts blockade; France everything; Washington something. . . . Associated Press and United Press still refuse to aid State Department's "Voice of America" by supplying news, on grounds government will somehow "contaminate" them; even newspaper editors are beginning to complain at attitude. . . . Shocking story of 33 downstate Illinois publishers, editors and columnists being carried on ex-Governor Green's GOP payroll received no press-association coverage until virtuous Washington *Post* complained of journalistic suppression. Railroad weekly *Labor* carried national story almost alone, again illustrating advantage of trade-union press.

It's out in open at last: official documentation of charges that General Clay's US occupation regime in Germany did not try to suppress monopoly cartels; the report is made unanimously by three-man Ferguson committee picked by the Army itself. . . . At risk of his political future Truman sent courageous civil-rights message to Congress in February, 1948, and opponents wrote him off; now it's back on Congress' desk again and Truman is chipper as ever.

*Washington* T. R. B.

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# CAN THERE BE A FOUR-POWER AGREEMENT?

WHEN THE Berlin blockade is lifted, the worst encounter of the cold war will be over. World tension will diminish. Berlin will be taken off the dole. Factories will start up again in the Eastern zone when the counter-blockade is removed. And last, East-West trade should increase. If nothing more is accomplished, these are great gains.

In the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers it should be possible to reach a further settlement for Berlin. The conflict there is administrative. The Potsdam Agreement governs in matters of principle and its force is recognized by all sides. The central dispute can be overcome by the creation of a new currency, jointly issued, jointly managed, unique to Berlin and without power to disrupt the separate economies of Eastern and Western Germany.

In the Council meetings, the West is further committed to reconsider the problems of Germany as a whole. Here the USSR may propose a new settlement for Germany: Four-Power control of German industry; the creation of a central government for all Germany; the conclusion of a peace treaty; and the evacuation of all occupation troops.

This program corresponds to many of the proposals made two years ago at Stuttgart by Secretary Byrnes and rejected then by the USSR. Now Eastern and Western Germany are no longer a nation divided by a boundary line, but two worlds.

Eastern Germany is a Communist state today. It is governed by one party, one press, one secret police, one occupying power. Its non-Communist spokesmen are suppressed, save for a few puppet leaders appointed by the USSR. Its citizens cannot move without police passes. Its shop stewards, work councils and trade unions are all state-controlled. Living standards in the Eastern zone are extremely low. Its wealth is moving East. Its economy is integrated in the Eastern economy.

In Western Germany, free enterprise and political democracy prevail. Its occupation statute grants a great deal of self-determination. Its constitution guarantees full political freedom to all its citizens. Its government is decentralized. Its people are bitterly anti-Soviet. Its economy is tightly geared into the economy of Western Europe by the high production goals set by OEEC. An international authority on Western nations allocates the production and directs the policies of Western Germany's largest industrial area, the Ruhr. Beyond its borders a European federation is coming into being. And "it is the ultimate objective of the United States," said Secretary Acheson on April 29, "that the German people, or as large a part of them as possible, be integrated into a new common structure of the free peoples of Europe."

Can there be an economic or a political settlement for Germany as a whole? Is there, in other words, a basis for federating a democratic and a communist state? Is there a basis for fitting the reconstruction of Europe and the reconstruction of the Soviet world into a single economic pattern of which a unified Germany forms a part?

**If the answers** to these questions are *no*, the proposals and counter-proposals for unification of Germany will be nothing more than volleys fired into the desert of political warfare. They will incite German nationalism. And the deadlock which will follow the discussion where agreement was impossible will lead to the conviction that discussion is futile in areas where agreement in fact can be won.

Discussion today on a central government for Germany is almost certain to fail. We can accept only a government that is representative. A representative central government could only be formed after free elections throughout Germany. The London and Moscow meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers were deadlocked on this issue.

The Communist vote in the Western zones has fallen from 15 percent in 1946 to 7 percent today. The Soviet-sponsored party would not poll much more than 15 percent in the Eastern zone. Free elections today would mean a major defeat for the USSR.

An alternative central government would be a loose confederation of the leaders of each German state. It would give the USSR some influence in the democratic Western states and deny the Allies any effective influence in the one-party dictatorships of the Eastern zone. It would give disproportionate power to the Commu-

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nists. It would undermine democracy in Western Germany.

If there is no basis for a central government of Germany today, is there a basis for Four-Power administration? Obviously, to the extent to which a one-party dictatorship governs in Eastern Germany, and self-government is granted to Western Germany, Four-Power administration is limited in scope. Acheson has said that America "will agree to no general solution for Germany into which the basic safeguards and benefits of the existing Western German relationship would not be absorbed." He has declared that "democratic self-government" in Western Germany is essential to peace, and that "it must be given a chance to live."

Under the occupation statute, the Allies reserve control in Western Germany over disarmament, demilitarization, reparations, decartellization, DP's, foreign affairs, foreign trade and allocation of Ruhr production. In one or more of these fields, Soviet delegates could be included in the Allied administration. There would have to be reciprocal rights granted in a liberalized Eastern Germany, and there could be no veto power.

Is there a basis for economic unification in Germany? A major purpose of Soviet participation in the Administration of Western Germany would be to divert its industrial plant or production, in the form of reparations, or allocations from the Ruhr, to the USSR. The same result could be obtained far more easily by economic unification of Germany. It would require that the USSR increase exports from Eastern Germany and the Soviet world to Western Europe. Without this, a gaping hole would be opened in the OEEC program. For both sides, however, the resumption of trade on a balanced basis within Germany and across Germany is an urgent need. For this reason, agreement on measures to bring about economic unification is the best hope of the Council meeting.

**There are only two** defensible patterns for Germany today. One is the neutralization of a unified Germany, under the administration of four powers able to work together. The other is the integration of a democratic Western Germany in a European federation. A desire on Russia's part to forestall the second pattern does not mean a new willingness to implement the first. But the second pattern is far better than none at all. It cannot be given up without real assurances.

The lifting of the Berlin blockade could restore the situation that existed before 1948. It was an unworkable situation. And in a single Council meeting, the Allies cannot revert to its concept of a neutralized Germany without hope of realization.

There is an urgent need for a settlement between East and West. It far transcends our stake in Western Germany in importance. And if real agreement were possible on Germany that could lead to further agreements, then nothing we have done in the Western zones should stand in its way. But an altogether new pattern for all Germany requires an altogether new faith on both sides in the possibility of peace. It is not created in one Council meeting. It can only come step by step. And because the two patterns we have created for Germany are so far apart, it may not come in Germany at all. Since so much is at stake in the Council meeting, a subdued success on apparently minor issues will be far better than another swan dive into an empty pool.

## THE WEEK

### "SUBSTANTIALLY STABLE"

In spite of rumblings from all quarters of the economy, the Truman Administration still feels pretty sure that 1949 will turn out to be a "substantially stable year." To make certain that there is no depression just around the corner, however, the President has instructed his Council of Economic Advisers to bring in a special report on the situation by May 15. Even if the President gets no flat predictions from these three men, they will certainly point out that:

¶ There were 150,000 fewer people at work in non-farm jobs last month than the month before—the third successive month of decline in employment.

¶ There are one million more unemployed now than a year ago.

¶ An additional million workers will come into the labor market during this year.

¶ Part-time employment is increasing as industry agrees to labor's request for share-the-work programs, to avoid greater layoffs.

¶ The average factory wage dropped $1 per week last month. And the Bureau of Labor Statistics' price index shows that "the cost of living won't move down." Industry is lining up firmly against a fourth round of wage increases.

¶ The Bureau of Agricultural Economics estimates that farm income

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may drop as much as 10 percent this year, with production costs falling only about five percent.

¶ A McGraw-Hill survey shows that business is planning to reduce its capital expenditures by five percent this year, cumulative to 40 percent in the next five years.

¶ Profits in the first three months of 1949 were still moving up. Earnings of 197 firms surveyed by the *Wall Street Journal* exceeded $732 million —21 percent more than 1948.

The presidential advisers believe that: inflationary pressures have died down and are not likely to revive sharply in the near future; the controls on prices and production which Truman has asked Congress to authorize are still very much needed as safeguards, and drastic measures to guarantee expanded production in such critical fields as steel, aluminum and power are definitely required. But the government's economists are not going out on a limb with predictions of heavy unemployment this year.

## THE LEADERSHIP VACUUM

The Administration's leadership troubles in the Senate are getting worse. The Republican victory in recommitting the Labor-FSA appropriation bill to committee, with instructions to cut five percent from administrative costs, is the most recent result.

Majority leader Scott Lucas is ill and may have to undergo an operation. Leslie Biffle, contact man between the Senate and the White House, has been in the hospital for weeks and is scheduled for a long rest. Felton Johnson, secretary of the majority, has suffered a nervous breakdown. Majority whip Francis Myers of Pennsylvania has been valiantly substituting in Lucas' absence, but riding herd on 54 Democratic Senators, keeping informed on how each plans to vote and informing them on the general situation are more jobs than one man can handle.

Senator Taft intends to propose the formula of a five-percent cut for all other appropriation bills as they come up. Only in this way, the Taft group argues, can tax increases be avoided. The Administration, therefore, is given notice to fill the leadership vacuum before the new tests occur.

## CONNECTICUT COUP

Senator Raymond E. Baldwin (R, Conn.) has agreed to retire from politics under circumstances highly beneficial to the Democratic Party. In negotiating Baldwin's shift from the US Senate to the Connecticut Supreme Court, Connecticut's Democratic Governor Chester Bowles has (1) assured the Administration of an additional vote in the Senate when he appoints a Democrat to succeed Baldwin in December, and (2) boosted his own stock as a presidential possibility for 1952.

In resigning from the Senate, Baldwin is admitting his own failure in the GOP. Like many other big men who have come to the Senate from positions of unchallenged leadership in their home states, Baldwin has been frustrated in Washington. Watching the Wherrys and the Tafts win over his "liberal" group in every party caucus has taken the spirit out of Baldwin. Bowles's shrewdly timed offer of the peace and security of the bench was irresistible under the circumstances —even to a man who had dreams of the presidency only a short time ago.

Baldwin's retirement leaves Connecticut Republicans with no strong candidate to enter against Bowles in his 1950 try for reëlection. If he is not stopped at that point, Bowles will have a clear field in which to race toward the presidential nomination.

Bowles has stated that he does not intend to take the Senate seat for himself, and that he is going to use plenty of time deciding whom to name to the post. An outstanding appointment in the tradition of the recent selection of Frank Graham for the vacancy from North Carolina would add still more to Bowles's national stature. Representative Abraham Ribicoff, of Hartford, frankly says that his hat is in the ring for the job, and Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse is assumed to be another possibility.

The senior Senator from Connecticut, Brien McMahon, a strong Administration supporter, also comes up for reëlection in 1950 and is not too happy about the Baldwin development. Bowles is in even firmer control of the state Democratic organization than before, relegating McMahon to a secondary position. And McMahon will now have to campaign as a part of a slate with Bowles and whatever Democratic candidate he appoints to fill out the Baldwin term—a real hardship as McMahon sees it.

Chester Bowles, the New Deal "do-gooder," is developing into quite a politician.

A saddened Republican state representative in Connecticut paid eloquent, if ungrammatical, tribute to Bowles's political finesse when he said of the retiring Baldwin:

"He's gone and left us. He's not for you and I."

## VOTES NOT PRINCIPLES

The Republican high command has junked its plans for a national conference on basic party policies in favor of full concentration on winning in 1950.

At the recent three-day Republican conference in Washington, called to follow up the stormy Omaha meeting of last January, all talk of 1952 was banned. Dewey and Taft people alike were ruled out of order when they got up to express factional views.

The Washington conference decided that, for the time being, Republican victories in 1950 are to be the *sole* goal, that discussion of what long-range principles the GOP actually stands for can wait—perhaps for years. A new "Strategy Committee," organized to run the '50 campaign, now assumes command of the Grand Old Party.

Senator Owen Brewster of Maine, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee (a Taft man in '48), and Representative Leonard Hall of New York, chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee (a Dewey backer), who proposed the new steering committee to the meet-

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ing, will now bear the main responsibility for next year's election. They will be the key members of a 21-man Strategy Committee, which will include National Committee members, Governors, Senate and House Republicans, state chairmen and finance chairmen. In this new GOP ruling body, as in the Republican National Committee, Dewey's man, Hugh Scott Jr. of Pennsylvania, will be nominal chairman. But here, as there, Scott will be ignored. (The only reason he has not been replaced long before this is that nobody wants his job.) Bob Taft's dear friend Tom Coleman of Wisconsin is to be vice-chairman of the new steering committee. And Harold Stassen's campaign manager, Victor Johnson, also of Wisconsin, as secretary of the Strategy Committee will be acting as the Mark Hanna for 1950.

If Brewster and Hall can keep this unlikely combination in harness for the next 18 months, and if Harold Talbott, who was so successful in raising the Dewey campaign fund last year, brings in the $750,000 he has undertaken to raise for 1950, the Republicans will be all set—except for a program.

## PROGRESS OF A SORT

*AUSTIN (NR correspondent)*

The Texas State Legislature is one step ahead of Congress on anti-poll-tax legislation. The Texas House and Senate have voted, by the necessary two-thirds majority, to place a poll-tax-repeal amendment on the ballot in a special election.

The repeal resolution got through the conservative Texas senate by a strange combination of circumstances. It was on the calendar just ahead of a bill that would give oil companies an exemption from anti-trust laws to permit unified operation of oil fields. Senator Rogers Kelly, author of the amendment, told oil lobbyists he would hold the floor as long as necessary to get his resolution passed. So conservative oil-company lobbyists scurried around and came up with the necessary additional votes for the poll-tax-repeal amendment to break the deadlock.

In both houses the margin was narrow—the vote was passed by the minimum required in order to submit a constitutional amendment. The repealer faces its big hurdle at the polls on September 24.

## THE BANKERS' CLOSED SHOP

Reports that the Department of Justice's long-awaited case against the investment bankers of America may never be tried are now being officially denied by the Attorney General, and a hearing is finally being scheduled. Attorney General Tom Clark on October 30, 1947, issued a complaint against the Big 17 investment bankers of the country on the ground that they have a little closed shop of their own, agreeing among themselves not to float securities except for those enterprises over which one of the group has achieved management or financial control.

Further, it is alleged that 27 large life-insurance companies, controlling 90 percent of all the $52 billion of admitted assets of such companies, have an agreement with the banking group to limit their investment in industrial securities more and more to business securities allocated to them by the little group of big bankers. Banking houses included in the group against whom complaints have been issued are such giants as: Dillon, Read; Kuhn, Loeb; Lehman Brothers; Goldman, Sachs; and the First Boston Corporation.

Depositions are now being taken. The only remaining possibility that there will be no trial this fall seems to be in the event of the defendants' consent to a decree granting all the relief requested by the government. That appears highly unlikely.

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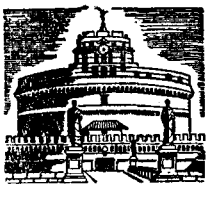
# OUTSIDE AMERICA

**Western European history** is full of proof that it's even more important to understand your enemies than to understand your friends. It may, therefore, be of some use to set down (in their own words) why six anti-Communist Italian senators voted against their government's signing the North Atlantic Pact. Senator Luigi Rocco, Social Democrat:

My electoral constituency is made up entirely of peasants who are opposed to war. They suffered the consequences of all the military disasters of the last war, and are convinced on the basis of the conduct of previous wars that they will always be called upon to make up the bulk of the always martyred infantry. A popular referendum would have clarified the will of the people about the Pact.



Senator Ugo Della Seta, Republican:

Whoever knows the ideas of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt will not find it difficult to recognize that the present policy of the United States is far from the traditional American foreign policy. The change is not merely in having abandoned the Monroe Doctrine, nor in the intervention in European politics; it is in the anti-democratic spirit in which this policy is being orientated ideologically toward the totalitarian conquest of world markets and toward imperialistic and hegemonical aspirations.

Senator Roberto Bencivenga, Common Man Party (mildly Fascist as against the open Fascism of the Italian Social Movement):

I do not contest that the promoters of the Pact are inspired by a most noble goal: that of preventing a precipitous upset of the social life of the old continent. But the military measures which the Pact powers are preparing to take will fatally produce a reaction in the psychological field that can lead to war. It is obvious that if one works on the assumption of the inevitability of war, one will not hesitate to take the initiative when one feels that the advantageous moment for one's own military instrument has come.

Senator Arturo Labriola, Independent:

From the days of Agamemnon and Priam, indeed even before, history shows that all alliances are made for war. They are always made against someone, and when that someone answers with other alliances, the two groups clash. I am against the Pact for two reasons: it amounts to rearmament, and in so far as we rearm with the means furnished to us by others we are mercenaries; it amounts to an intensification of the latent civil war which is coming to the surface in our country.

Senator Alberto Bergamini, Monarchist:

Instead of begging for participation in the Pact, instead of offering ourselves with such insistence and humility as de Gasperi did, we should have adopted a more dignified and useful policy. If, for example, we had waited, perhaps one day Great Britain, the United States and France would have asked us to come into the Pact because our presence would have served their purposes. In that case we might have been able to pose conditions of which there have been none whatsoever now. France would have found it to her interest to have us protect her southeast frontier. But then we would have been able to settle accounts with France—accounts which remain unsettled.

By our signing the Pact we have also come to the defense of Great Britain at a time when Great Britain and the United States are contesting the colonies. Thus we have entered a Pact which tends conclusively to defend the interests of those who have tricked us. And the assault of the Soviet Union against our country, which until recently was only a probability, became a certainty (and legally so) the moment we lined up—without any reason—with the Soviet's enemies.

Senator Tomasi Della Torretta, Liberal:

We signed a Pact prepared by others according to their viewpoints and their exclusive interests. Our security, and hence our territorial integrity, have been guaranteed by the nations which most seriously offended, attacked and injured them. France, having become artificially and unrealistically a winning nation, has exploited this at our expense. . . . With so-called rectifications of the frontier she has taken from us any security against her, and now again intends to use our territory and us for the security of her southern frontier. In a few days or weeks England will to her own advantage make us lose our colonies. The United States first supported France, now supports England. I remain firmly convinced that Italy needs above all peace abroad and concord at home, a policy of reconciliation outside the dangers of international competitions. The Pact represents the contrary.

**The overtones** of nationalism, isolationism and disguised Fascism running through these statements (published by the Communist weekly *Vie Nuove*) are obvious; and the willingness of the Communists to exploit them differs little from their eagerness to take advantage of the outgivings of Senator Taft and his like-minded colleagues in Washington. But the attitude of Rocco, the spokesman for the peasants, fits into a context of more serious politics because Randolfo Pacciardi, former Colonel with the Loyalists in Spain and now Minister of the Armed Forces in the Italian Cabinet, told an English journalist that Italy would be able to mobilize four million soldiers.

When such a statement comes back to Italy (and is joyfully pounced upon by the GHQ of the Communists) it suggests that, Pact or no Pact, what is coming is to be the same old tragic experience all over again—a war of masses of Italian men (mostly peasants) instead of a war of invincible American machines in skies far from Italy's.

From the strictly military viewpoint, there is the evidence of professionals like Marshal Giovanni Messe that Pacciardi's estimate is quite unrealistic. Messe has written in the ultra-conservative *Il Tempo* of Rome:

The concrete problem of our security has now been exactly defined: it is to arrive at a defensive capacity sufficient to guarantee our territorial integrity until the Allied forces arrive. The army has three tasks: to defend the eastern frontier, to protect the Adriatic coast

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against seaborne landings, and to protect the whole country from air attacks and airborne landings. *It seems superfluous to repeat that the size of our forces must be commensurate with a temporary resistance.* (Italics mine. – P. W.)

**But the most serious** reservations about the Pact in the statements of the six senators are those that refer to its effect on the latent civil war, and to the psychological factors involved in it. If Italian politicians were men of self-restraint and calm, aloof judgment, the dangers might not be so great. Unfortunately, Italian politics under the Republic carries the weight of many generations (perhaps even centuries) of social and economic bitterness; and men on the winning side, instead of letting time and events work for them, seldom resist the temptation to make a brutal Roman holiday of their success.

For example, Deputy Alfredo Covelli, general secretary of the National Monarchist Party, chose the morrow of the signing of the Pact to announce that Former King Humbert had sent two messages to his political supporters, thereby intervening openly in domestic politics for the first time since a majority of the people deposed the Savoy dynasty in a free plebiscite. The Monarchist cause had been gaining slowly but surely; the former King's messages made it certain that its further progress would not be calm and peaceful.

Far more provocative was a speech made at Siena, the day before the Pact was signed, by Mario Scelba, the Minister of the Interior and by far the toughest man in the government. Italy's signing had already been authorized by Parliament, the Communist campaign had been defeated, yet Scelba chose to make the gravest threats.

He said, "The arms entrusted to the state do not constitute decorative elements but are instruments of defense and of *attack*," and suggested that the Pact would now give the de Gasperi government the right to go beyond the Constitution and the law in its struggle to suppress Communism. The struggle for peace in the world and the one for peace at home were indivisible—"Democracy has the right to defend itself and cannot permit that its enemies use democracy in order to destroy it."

At once there were rumors that this meant laws to restrict political freedom and free methods of trade-union organization; there was a story that the Scelba speech had been made after a talk with American Ambassador James Dunn and that the laws would be worked out as soon as Count Carlo Sforza came back from Washington with "instructions" about how far President Truman would let de Gasperi go. Even the non-Communist Leftists were alarmed. It made no difference that there probably was no chance at all that the champion of repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act could or would lend himself to countenancing the methods of the police state in dealing with Italian labor. What did make the difference was that Scelba couldn't leave well enough alone.

**One of the** less pleasant effects of the Pact on the psychology of the men in power in countries like Italy may be that it will encourage them to believe America is behind strong-arm tactics in domestic affairs. In Western Europe, five years after the defeat of the Nazis, such tactics are of a nature few Americans would find believable, let alone acceptable. If the Pact is used as authority to crack down illegally on the Communists (at a time when their authority and power are already crumbling), the methods will make those of the Un-American Activities Committee *et al.* mere child's play; moreover, the targets almost surely will be far broader than Communism and Communist-controlled labor organizations.

Thus it might be a good thing if Americans, in addition to understanding the motives of their enemies—the anti-Pact Europeans—would also take the trouble to plumb the thought processes and to watch the activities of their friends—the pro-Pact Europeans —especially Mario Scelba in Italy and Jules Moch in France.

PERCY WINNER

# ARMOR-PLATED

## by Martin Agronsky

ONE OF THE FIRST fruits of armed-services unification has blossomed with the coming of spring to the Pentagon. This is a report on its bitter and undemocratic taste.

The name of the hybrid is *Consolidation Directive No. 1.* It bloomed April 14 as the first general order promulgated by William Frye, Chief of Public Information and Assistant to Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson.

The directive applies military censorship to hundreds of thousands of members of the National Military Establishment (NME), its reservists and its civilian employees. If implemented "by the book," it equals in peacetime (and in some ways exceeds) the voluntary censorship which prevailed during the last war.

Specifically, the Frye directive establishes a "Security and Review Branch" of the Defense Secretary's now merged NME Office of Public Information. The stated purpose of this new branch is to prevent publication of military information which would jeopardize the national security. Its other obvious purpose—not stated—is to prevent the kind of irresponsible public claims with which the high brass and their civilian spokesmen recently have so enlivened the public prints.

Though both aims make good sense, this document simultaneously pushes a salient of military thought control so deeply into the area of fundamental American freedoms of speech and the press that it needs the most careful examination—an examination obviously unintended by its authors who, at the time of writing, do not yet see fit to release it for public scrutiny, even by the regularly assigned corps of NME correspondents.

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# THOUGHT CONTROL

To be fair to the Pentagon, one of the most difficult jobs in any democracy is that of reconciling the necessities of security with those of freedom. The trouble is that maintenance of security entails relinquishment of a certain amount of freedom—particularly that of speech and the press. The resultant problem, one of the toughest of our times, is how to arrive at the delicate balance where both security and freedom are maintained in a democratic equilibrium in which neither encroaches dangerously upon the other. The aim of the NME in establishing this new security-review branch and laying down its terms of reference should be to achieve this kind of balance. But it puts an extremely lopsided weight upon security, leaving freedom dangling dangerously high in the air.

**For the first** time in peace, the armed services—together with reservists and civilians never previously so restricted—are required to govern their statements not only by security, but also by what the directive calls "policy and propriety." This implies that the new security branch will not permit publication by those under its jurisdiction of material which may be critical of any policy decided upon by the military hierarchy—or which might hold up to public examination or criticism any action or statement by those who rule the Pentagon.

For the preservation of internal discipline such a policy might be defended from the purely military point of view. From the point of view of a democracy, this kind of order has obvious dangers. As everyone knows, errors in policy, inefficiency in management, waste or extravagance, or even corruption, are corrected only by exposure to public examination. The admiral who defends a giant aircraft carrier as essential, and the Air Force general who claims such vessels are a waste of the taxpayers' money, should be able to debate their theses—at least in peacetime—in full public view. That goes, too, for Air Force zealots who claim you can win a war in a few weeks by dropping atom bombs on crowded cities.

The argument that public examination of such extremely important problems is useless because the average citizen doesn't know enough to make an intelligent decision, is bunk. To accept this is to concede the authoritarian thesis that military leaders are above criticism.

**And this** is only one of the very real dangers inherent in this directive. Another is its fantastic scope. It claims total jurisdiction for the defense department, not only over public utterances by active members of the armed forces, but over those by retired military personnel and, in addition, by reserve and National Guard personnel, not to speak of the ever increasing thousands of civilians in the employ of the National Military Establishment. It then reaches out to assert power to *review*—meaning (if it seems necessary) to *suppress*—publication of information by manufacturers, including subcontractors, with military contracts.

Reporters come openly within its jurisdiction if they are members of the reserve forces, as a good many are today. In another section, reporters find hanging over them the threat of being denied access and working facilities in covering the activities of the Military Establishment. This threat is pointedly implied in Section 4, which says the review powers of the security branch apply to material submitted "voluntarily, or under agreement, by individuals outside the military service." This clause, it seems obvious, would not have been included if it were not the intention to require that information solicited by reporters from the NME be granted only on condition that they agree "voluntarily" to submit their articles for review. And this clause, it is worth noting, comes very near to duplicating the censorship all reporters willingly accepted during wartime. But—and it's a mighty big but—we are not at war today.

To reduce this important directive to specific cases, it means that none of the men most qualified to provide informed and constructive criticism of our defense policy may freely express his views any longer. By asserting the review board's jurisdiction over retired officers, the directive ensures suppression of independently critical views held by such officers. Certainly, *The Stilwell Papers*, the caustic observations directed by the late "Vinegar Joe" at the policies of both our military and civilian brass in China, could never survive the regulated mercies of such a review board. The memoirs of the Marines' General "Howlin' Mad" Smith, with its blasts at Army and Navy top commanders, would never emerge intact from such a review. The same goes for Admiral Halsey's blunt story, and it applies, too, to the column written for *Newsweek* by General Spaatz, recently retired Air Force Chief of Staff. According to *Directive No. 1*, General Spaatz must henceforth submit his column to the review board for approval. Under such circumstances, if the General feels that money spent for a new giant aircraft carrier should be diverted, instead, to B-36's, how—within the grounds of "policy and propriety" which Frye outlines as criteria—could the board permit the General to express this thought?

This is what this new directive means: it allows the militarized civilians and high brass of the NME to retire into their own ivory tower, behind an armorplate of thought-police censorship which would make them immune from even the most informed and constructive criticism. This seems the wrong way to balance national security with freedom of speech and the press. Above all, it's the wrong way to achieve the best kind of national security which the give-and-take between our best military and civilian minds could otherwise promote in the free marketplace of ideas.

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# TWO WORLDS AT FOLEY SQUARE

**by Bruce Bliven**

IT IS ONE of our most important court trials in decades, perhaps generations, and it takes place in appropriate surroundings of dignity and discomfort. The United States Court House faces Foley Square, far down in lower Manhattan, amid a welter of narrow streets, old loft buildings and a hopeless jam of truck traffic. Up a weary flight of limestone steps, past big columns, through revolving doors, turn left down a long marble passage, turn right down another. Show your pass to half a dozen successive guards, and finally you are in the courtroom.

This one is rather small, as courtrooms go, paneled in black marble to a height of ten feet, and above it dingy, dun woodwork, elaborately carved, with a few sparse hangings of deep maroon. The judge on his bench faces north, or would do so if he did not constantly keep his chair, with its high solid back, swung around sharply to his left toward the witness stand. The spectators sit in the north half of the room facing south, on wooden benches like church pews. The jury is in tiers along the west wall. Just beyond the railing which keeps back the spectators are the eleven defendants in leather-padded armchairs facing the judge. Their counsel are at a long narrow table close in front of them, so near that if one of the lawyers leans back a few inches, a whispered conversation is possible; these go on continuously.

A few feet nearer the bench, the government counsel sit crowded around three sides of a smallish square table, most of it covered by gray steel filing cabinets which are jammed with exhibits. At a slightly higher elevation, and just under the bench, are the clerk of the court and the two stenographers who take turns reporting this trial. At intervals one of them tiptoes out to transcribe his notes; we understand that he redictates them into a dictating machine, or to a secretary, a sort of stenographer's stenographer; obviously the qualifications for such a post, working under a professional eye of such competence, must be high indeed.

As in all courtrooms, the witness sits on a level with the judge and at his left, between him and the nearest members of the jury. The lawyer who is conducting an interrogation stands at the other end of the jury box, behind a flat-topped desk, chest high, on which he spreads his papers. The chairs for the press are across the room from the jury, and facing them. As usual, at least half the press space is filled by non-working kibitzers.

**When the outside doors** are kept open, the courtroom is cold, damp and drafty. When they are closed, it is cold, damp and musty. The acoustics are wretched, and since almost nobody raises his voice, or seems to know anything about the mechanics of speaking in a room of that size, we can't hear. The judge frequently can't hear the witness, seated only six feet away. During cross-examination, which naturally is conducted in an atmosphere of hostility, the attorney complains that he can't hear the witness, and repeatedly asks him to "take his hand away from his mouth." The spectators presumably hear about half of what goes on. The exception is the court stenographer, who hears everything; when asked to read something from his notes, he finds the place instantly and races through the words. Even when three people—judge, witness and lawyer—are talking at once, as often happens, the stenographer miraculously sorts them out and gets it down. He seems smarter than all the rest of us combined. I still say, however, that what the courtroom needs is a set of microphones, a loudspeaker and a wire recorder.

The judge is smallish and pink-faced, with a constant expression of mild surprise behind his little gray mustache and steel-bowed spectacles. He looks like a cloistered man, one who never rang a hostile doorbell in his life. His voice is low and conversational, though it has the snap of the whip in it at times.

The jury, with one or two exceptions, is as average a crowd as you could ever meet or could be supplied by Central Casting, men and women, old and young, white and Negro. There are four or five middle-aged housewives, most of them sporting new Easter bonnets; a couple of elderly men, the small-business type. The eleven defendants, sitting in a row facing the judge, also look like small business; none of them comes anywhere near the popular conception of a wild-eyed, wild-haired revolutionary. Except for a faint air they have as of sharing some secret joke, you could shuffle them up with the jury and the spectators and nobody could tell the difference. Favorite beverage: beer. Favorite newspaper: Hearst. Favorite song: "When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day."

There is room for about a hundred spectators, and many more than that number want to get in. The rule is first come, first served, and there is a waiting line outside behind a rope, just as in a movie theatre. If a spectator leaves the courtroom for any reason, he has to wait in line all over again, with no guarantee he will make it before adjournment. This, obviously, gives some of the members of the audience personal problems.

**This trial has been** famous from the beginning for the running altercation between the judge and the defense counsel, which has now been going on without interruption for 14 weeks. There are, I suppose, two courses of conduct open to a judge faced by obstreperous counsel. One is to be cold, austere, aloof, wrapped in the dignity of the office, never permitting any of his decisions to be questioned for an instant, punishing counsel on the slightest provocation for contempt of court. The other is to meet hostility in the courtroom on a more human level, arguing back and forth as to the validity of one's rulings, appealing,

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sometimes even plaintively, for cooperation, suffering with astonishing patience actions which, to say the least, are highly unusual in a courtroom. I don't know whether Judge Harold R. Medina made a deliberate choice of the second of these courses or whether, as I suspect, it flows naturally out of his personality; at any rate, it is the one he has adopted.

Every two or three minutes, all day long, day after day, a defense attorney objects to what is happening. Sometimes he does not even bother to rise, or to face the judge. A large proportion of these objections are based in general on a theory of judicial misconduct, with an implicit demand that Judge Medina disqualify himself. Others flow from the pattern the defendants have set up, that they have broken no law; that anyhow the law under which they are being tried does not apply to the sort of actions the government seeks to prove; and that in any case, the law itself is a monstrous violation of free speech and the American tradition. All the defendants and all their counsel are, in short, constantly in contempt of court, except in the narrowest technical sense. Beyond this, many of the objections are of the sort which seem to the layman pretty unreasonable. The witness testifies that two men, whom he names, told him so-and-so; counsel objects that witness has not shown that these remarks came from any particular person; the government attorney says in what seems to be honest bewilderment, "but he just did; he gave you the names"; the judge overrules; and so on.

**Judge Medina,** rocking rapidly back and forth in his swivel chair, his head swung to the right as he looks at the row of defendants' counsel, repeatedly says in virtually these words: "Now, how many times do we have to go through this all over again? I have told you over and over that the Court cannot accept your line of reasoning on this point. I am here to see that justice is done and I will protect your rights, but I cannot tolerate your bringing up time and time again arguments which I have repeatedly ruled cannot be allowed." But it is of no avail; three minutes later, defendants' counsel are back again on the same track.

They are working, of course, as everybody knows, for the record, in case the defendants should be found guilty and should appeal. Sometimes it seems as though everyone in the courtroom, except the witness on the stand, is just working for the record. At some of these times the subtle mockery in the attitude of the defense attorneys, and even the defendants themselves, comes close to the surface, comes close to open repudiation of the court, and the system of society, and the ultimate philosophy on which it is based.

**Yet this is certainly** no laughing matter. As the voices drone on, half heard, amid confusion, interruption, repetition, something rather serious is taking place. The witness on the stand at the moment, for example, is Charles W. Nicodemus, a minor foreman in one division of the big Celanese Corporation plant in Cumberland, Maryland. Formerly a Communist Party member, he left its ranks, he says, after the party demanded that when dismissals were required, Negro employees should be retained on the payroll over white men regardless of seniority.

Nicodemus says, among ceaseless interruptions and arguments by defense counsel, that party officials told him the United States is now the chief target for Communists throughout the world; that there was in 1945 a plan that this country should be invaded a few years hence, after Russia's position in Europe has been stabilized; that the attack would be made chiefly by air, from Siberian bases, through Alaska and Canada; and that American Communists must lay plans for sabotage of industrial plants at that time, in order to demoralize the population. It takes a long time to get these few words into the record over the fusillade of objections; and when they are finally completed, from both defendants and their counsel comes an audible ripple of amusement. "Ridiculous!" somebody says. Thereupon Judge Medina, with more sharpness than usual, remarks that defendants must refrain from smiling or laughing in "a country-club atmosphere." "I have had much experience in criminal trials," he says. "I am familiar with these attempts to laugh off the effect of testimony."

Thereupon John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker*, stands up in the row of defendants. "Do I understand that now the court is ordering us not to smile?" he demands sharply. "It's bad enough to be ordered not to think."

"You are evidently a bold man," says Judge Medina mildly. "You stand up and have your say." He goes on to repeat that he will not have the defendants try to negate the impression the witness is making on the jury by audible comments or by facial expressions.

(A few days later, angered by defense attorneys, he is to leave the bench with the hasty words, "five-minute recess," and go outside to cool off. And a day or so later still, he will make the remark, "This continual wrangling is wearing me down so that I don't see how I can finish this trial. Something has to be done to stop it.")

**And so we go on,** hour after hour. The government attorney, Frank Gordon, who is getting Nicodemus' story on the record, is a square-built, serious, youngish man, with a touch of Bert Lytell about him. Two of the defense attorneys, Harry Sacher and Richard Gladstein, both dark and saturnine, fight to minimize Nicodemus' story as much as possible, both in the record and in the minds of the jurors. A little later, on cross-examination, they will work hard to show that he is guilty of anti-Negro prejudice, which, if proved, would score against him in the report of the trial in the *Daily Worker* but has nothing to do with the specific charge he has made of a plot for revolution to coincide with invasion. It is as though these lawyers were seeking to impress, not the judge and jury, but someone else, someone at a distance. The judge listens patiently

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to their ceaseless fire of objections, and overrules them nine times out of ten.

Yet now and again the defense wins a point. Suddenly a question arises about testimony introduced three days earlier, charging that the Communists sought maps of the Celanese Corporation plant for sabotage purposes. The testimony had been admitted tentatively, pending the government's being able to link it with the defendants. Now the judge orders it all stricken out. He instructs the jury to disregard everything that has been said on that subject three days earlier. The jury looks completely blank. It gives no evidence that it remembers what was said three days earlier or that it had understood its significance at the time, or understands it now, or, in the unlikely event that it *is* understood, has the faintest notion how to erase it from memory. (An ignorance shared by this reporter.)

**It is hard to realize,** sitting in this crowded courtroom which by now has turned from drafty to musty, that here is a focal point, for the moment, in a great worldwide struggle between two alien philosophies which today, more than ever, seem completely irreconcilable. Yet it is true. On a watershed two tiny brooks can start only a few feet from one another yet end in oceans thousands of miles apart; the struggle that is represented almost symbolically in this room can conceivably have repercussions all over this planet and for centuries to come. Is it really true, as one school says, that the world at present has room only for totalitarianism of the Left or of the Right? And that judge, jury, the whole apparatus here displayed, are but the clumsily veiled authority of the second of these? Or is there a middle ground, and are judge, jury and a majority of the spectators adherents to that middle ground, as they so obviously believe they are?

Suddenly from one window, small and high, a shaft of sunlight slants down through the dust motes to gild the calf-bound law books and the heads of the lawyers bent over them. We can use a little sunlight.

# THE SWEATSHOP DEFINED

*Testimony in Congress shows conditions in a variety of industries which demand new action in minimum-wage legislation*

**by Pat Holt**

"WELL," said Senator Taft, "what are sweatshop goods?" The Secretary of Labor, Maurice J. Tobin, had complained to the Senate Labor Committee that the Taft-Hartley Act banned "union members from refusing to work on sweatshop goods." Taft objected. "As a matter of fact," he said, "are there any sweatshops in the United States, with the minimum wage 40 cents, and going up to 75 cents, I hope?"

Well, what are sweatshop goods? Do they include goods made illegally by child labor? In that case there are plenty of sweatshops in America today. The 1948 report of the Wage-Hour Administrator says:

> It was found that three children under 12 years of age had worked in a starch factory from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.; 27 children, all under 16, had worked in a cement plant from 10½ to 13 hours daily and up to 70 hours a week; a 15-year-old boy worked from 6 p.m. to 5 a.m. cleaning knives in a plant, where he slept from 5 a.m. to 7 a.m., then went to school; two 14-year-old boys worked in binderies and looseleaf concerns, one up to 60 hours a week, the other up to 64; two 12-year-olds and five 13-year-olds hand-painted plaster novelties; children as young as 9 headed shrimp, picked cotton, made crates for eggs, and made rugs at home; 11 and 12-year-old children worked in vegetable canneries and fresh fruit and vegetable packing sheds.

But sweatshops in America are more than a matter of child labor. Testimony before the House Labor Committee brought out these wage standards in the country:

¶ Rural telephone-switchboard operators make from 40 to 75 cents an hour, and the US Independent Telephone Association objects to coverage because these wage scales are comparable to others in the community.

¶ A representative of the Arkansas Wholesale Grocers' Association said the average wage paid by members of his organization was 56 cents an hour for a 52.5-hour week. The Georgia Wholesale Grocers' Association man said his people were paying around 60 cents.

¶ A witness from the Texas Citrus and Vegetable Growers' and Shippers' Association said wages paid by members of his group varied between 40 and 65 cents an hour, but pointed out that the workers were allowed to take fruits and vegetables home with them to supplement their pay.

¶ In Washington, D. C., hotel workers are getting 65 cents an hour for a 48-hour week.

¶ Laundry flatwork finishers throughout the country average from 37 to 91 cents an hour, depending on the city in which they are employed.

Suppose, as Senator Taft does, that a wage of 40 cents—or even 75 cents—an hour keeps a place from being a sweatshop. (The lowest of the minimum budgets analyzed by the Labor Department requires a wage of about 85 cents an hour to support a single person without dependents.) How far are we protected from sweatshops today?

Our protection is the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938. It sets a minimum wage of 40 cents an hour; it provides time and a half overtime payments for more than 40 hours' work a week; it regulates the use of child labor. It covers considerably less than half of all our working population; it doesn't provide effective protection for the workers it does cover,

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and the workers who need its protection most are among those who aren't covered at all.

The law gives the protection of a 40-cent-an-hour minimum wage to 23 million people out of a civilian labor force of about 60 million. The 30-odd million workers who are omitted include these categories:

- Eleven million proprietors, self-employed persons, domestic servants and farm-family workers.
- Ten to eleven million persons engaged in essentially local activities.
- Six million federal, state and local government employees.
- Four million-odd executives, administrative, professional and retail employees, and outside salesmen. (Under the current regulations you may be an executive if, among other things, you make $30 a week.)
- Three million agricultural workers.
- Eight hundred thousand miscellaneous groups, including seamen; airlines employees; fishing and fish-processing workers; learners and apprentices; messengers; physically handicapped persons; employees of most weekly and semi-weekly newspapers; local railway and bus-line workers; food-processing workers; and switchboard operators employed in public telephone exchanges with fewer than 500 stations.

If coverage is inadequate, so is enforcement. With the limited appropriations provided by the 80th Congress, the Wage-Hour Division was able to inspect only 29,000 of the 638,000 establishments covered by the law in 1948. More than half of those inspected were found to be violating one or more of the Fair Labor Standards Act's provisions.

**Enforcement** hasn't been helped by the Portal-to-Portal-Pay Act of 1947. In 1945, out of 22,000 cases involving monetary violations, the employer agreed, or was ordered, to make full or partial restitution in 19,000—or 86 percent. In 1948, this percentage dropped to 63—or to 9,600 cases out of 15,000. And workers got only 40 percent of the back wages owed them—$4 million out of a total amount of $10 million.

The Portal-to-Portal Pay Act, says Wage-Hour Administrator W. R. McComb in his annual report for 1948:

> had an adverse effect on voluntary agreements to pay such back wages, as well as on the amounts voluntarily paid. The Portal-to-Portal Act provided employers with defenses excusing the non-payment of until then unlawfully withheld wages to employees. In addition, it limited the period of recovery to no more than two years. In consequence, many employers found in violation of the Act since then have preferred to rely and take their chances on such defenses, rather than voluntarily pay back wages determined due after inspection.

**Violations of** the child-labor provisions of the Act are almost as widespread as violations of overtime-pay requirements. The Labor Department found one of every twenty employers inspected in 1948 violating the child-labor sections; violations ranged from practically zero in mining to 16 percent in the canning and preserving industries.

Even with proper enforcement the control of child labor is inadequate. The law's provisions are not effective for children employed in establishments that don't produce goods for commerce. This exempts children working for interstate trucking concerns as loaders and helpers, those working for railroads and on boats, and those working for communications companies as telegraph messengers. The provisions do not directly prohibit child labor. They merely prohibit the shipment, or delivery for shipment, of goods removed from the producing establishment within 30 days after "oppressive child labor" has been employed. It's perfectly simple for some employers to hold goods for 30 days and then ship them. In certain industries, it's even more convenient to hold the goods. Frequently in the logging industry, for example, logs are held until the spring freshets provide easy transportation.

The law further exempts any child employed in agriculture during the periods he is required to attend school. In some states, employment in agriculture is a legal excuse for not attending school, and thus the federal law is completely nullified. In other states, school-attendance laws apply only to children whose parents are legal residents of the state; so migrants, who need the protection most, are not covered by the federal law. And since the law applies only when the child is supposed to be in school, it is ineffective during the summer vacation, which coincides with the peak farm periods when the greatest exploitation of child labor occurs.

At least 250,000 boys and girls under 16 were paid workers on farms in July, 1948, thousands of them on commercialized farms engaged in large-scale production. Administrator McComb reports:

> Inspections and studies conducted on commercialized farms have revealed the employment of very young children, some as young as five, six or seven years of age, working at hand operations in the harvesting and cultivating of crops in various regions of the country. Their work is made up of repetitive tasks, often arduous, often in a stooped or otherwise strained position, for hours at a time. They must lift and carry heavy hampers of fruits or vegetables, or drag heavy bags of cotton. They are exposed to excessive heat in the summer and cold, rain, mud, and frost in the spring and fall. Indeed, probably the greatest exploitation of child labor in this country is in commercial-type agriculture.

One of the reasons these children work in agriculture is that the wages of their fathers and mothers are so low that the family income has to be supplemented. For this reason extension of the minimum-wage provisions of the law to adult commercial farm workers needs to go hand in hand with the extension of the child-labor provisions to farm children.

**The Administration** is pressing a bill in Congress to remedy some, though not all, of the defects in the present law. It is in danger of being cut to pieces by a log-rolling coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. The Republicans never thought much of the law in the first place; the Southern Democrats are afraid it may

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disrupt conditions in some Southern industries. The coalition works on the good old back-scratching principle of "You vote to exempt my industry and I'll vote to exempt yours." And in their search for votes, the log-rollers don't confine themselves to the wage-hour bill but use any other Administration measure that will serve their purpose.

This method of carrying on our government was baldly illustrated in an exchange between Representative Frank W. Boykin (D, Ala.), appearing in support of the Southern lumber industry to protest a 75-cent minimum wage, and Representative Cleveland M. Bailey (D, W. Va.), a committee member and a supporter of the 75-cent minimum:

BAILEY: In a matter of two or three weeks, when the Reciprocal Trade Act comes up on the floor, I am going to have to wage a fight to protect the glass industry. Are you going to vote for me?

BOYKIN: Are you for it or against it? We usually vote together, do we not?

BAILEY: You did not vote with me before on the reciprocal-trade issue.

BOYKIN: I might this time. I will make a trade with you.

The trade didn't come off. Boykin voted for reciprocal trade, Bailey against it; and Bailey is still supporting a 75-cent minimum wage. But the principle is well established. And the conservative legislators are acting for the most powerful of the lobbies, trying to exempt the few additional industries singled out for coverage under the new bill. For example, the retailers' lobbies are fighting furiously the enactment of minimum standards for retail employees. The business is local, they say. A federal statute ought not to concern itself with such trivia as local wages and hours; it was perfectly all right, they added, for a federal statute such as the Taft-Hartley Act to concern itself with local labor relations.

This was too much even for Taft. "I thing we ought to do the same with both," he said to a National Retail Dry Goods Association spokesman. "Whichever way it is decided, we ought to be consistent."

Another NRDGA spokesman blandly argued before the House committee that his industry ought to be exempt because its standards were lower than the minimum proposed and raising them would be a hardship on business. He didn't say anything about the hardship for employees of not raising them.

A witness from the American Retail Federation pointed out that 70 percent of retail employees are either women or minors, and then argued: "Wage rates are meaningless in retail employment since they do not reflect widespread practices, such as paid vacations, bonuses of various kinds, and commissions on sales."

**Already the terms** of the Administration bill have been drastically reduced in the House Labor Committee. The bill proposed originally to expand coverage by five or six million workers. By the time the House Labor Committee got through with it, only two million workers had been added. Perhaps half of these are now making less than 75 cents an hour. The Administration bill set the objective of a $1-an-hour minimum and authorized the Secretary of Labor to order a $1-an-hour wage in certain industries upon the recommendation of industry committees representing labor, management and the public. These provisions also went out the window.

The bill which passed the committee by a vote of 13 to 12, proposes to raise the minimum wage from 40 to 75 cents an hour. It extends the coverage by about two million workers. It tightens the enforcement powers somewhat and it slightly extends the child-labor provisions. It still leaves more than 30 million workers uncovered and among these are those who need the protection most.

Raising the minimum wage to 75 cents without changing present coverage would boost the wages of about a million and a half workers by an average of between eight and nine cents an hour. It would affect principally the Southern lumber industry, trade and communications, and the tobacco, leather, clothing, furniture and food-products industries. Raising the minimum to 60 or even 65 cents without changing coverage, as advocated by some of the Southerners and their Republican colleagues, would affect practically nobody.

The new coverage provisions which the House committee retained include seamen, fish and other food processors, airlines workers, local transit employees, and employees of retail stores with an annual volume of $500,000 or more.

The House committee also deleted a provision from the Administration bill which would have given minimum-wage coverage to workers on farms employing as many as four regular hired hands. It would have applied to about one million workers on some 100,000-odd farms. This is about half of all hired farm workers, but it is less than two percent of all farms. The deleted provisions would have been most effective on the West Coast, where it would have covered about 10 percent of the orchards and truck farms and about two-thirds of the farm workers. Farm wages there are now estimated to average 60 cents an hour.

The House-committee bill authorizes the Secretary of Labor to sue employers on behalf of workers for back pay, and it also increased the Portal-to-Portal-Pay Act's two-year limitation on recovery to four years.

**The new bill's** coverage of child labor in agriculture continues to be limited to school hours, but at least it eliminates the present loophole—coverage that applies only when the child is legally required to be in school.

While it tightens the child-labor provisions in some respects, the new bill loosens them in others. It adds exemptions for children employed as newspaper carriers and by small retailers.

Although the House committee's bill still leaves out more people than it covers, it extends coverage at a higher wage level to important segments of the population who badly need protection. And, if we manage to keep employment at reasonably high

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levels, it may have equally important fringe effects on those who are not covered directly by its provisions.

A minimum wage spreads upward and outward. The upward spread, or bump effect, is felt by workers a step or two removed from the bottom. If a worker making 65 cents an hour is raised to 75 cents, another worker in the same plant who is already making 75 cents has a good case for a raise to 85, the one making 85 has a good case for a raise to 95, and so on.

**More significant** is the outward spread, and this accounts for a good deal of the opposition to a higher minimum wage from businesses which would not be covered directly. To the extent this outward spread occurs, it reduces the necessity for 100-percent coverage by the law itself. To some degree, especially in periods of high employment, the minimum set by law tends to become the prevailing minimum in a given locality. If a New Orleans fisherman making 60 cents an hour can get a job on a Mississippi barge line at 75 cents, then, barring an excess labor supply, the fish industry is likely to find itself forced to pay 75 cents, even though it is not covered by the law.

The farther the minimum-wage coverage extends into retailing and similar basically local enterprises, the more likely it is to help farm labor and other exempt local workers.

Industrial wage levels have a marked effect on farm wages. In the farm areas around New York and Chicago, for example, wages average 84 cents an hour. But in the South and Southwest farm labor is getting only 53 cents an hour.

As inflation recedes and employment rises, a higher, more realistic, effective minimum becomes more important than ever. It could act as a strong brake on a recession by putting a floor under purchasing power. It would also protect the businessman who tries to maintain wage levels against his competitor who thinks that any drop in profits is a signal for wage-cutting. That threat is great, as every fair businessman knows.

# PARTISANS v. RESISTERS

*PARIS (NR correspondent)*

TWO INCIDENTS which troubled the harmony of the Communist-run World Congress of Partisans of Peace also put into focus a dilemma of the anti-Communist International Day of Resistance to Dictatorship and War, which met at the Velodrome d'Hiver. When Garry Davis was refused permission to address the gathering of the pro-Communists in the Salle Pleyel the week before, Abbé Boulier, one of the few Western prelates whom the congress organizers succeeded in attracting (though there were plenty of Easterners), explained that: "The congress is not a market place where everyone can come to offer his wares. The congress is aware of the real situation of the world in 1949, and equally aware that the only real threat of war is against the Soviet Union, not against the United States."

When the British barrister Harvey Moore, representing the International Association of Democratic Jurists, asked the members of the congress whether they wanted the war in China to continue until Mao Tse-tung's victory, they loudly thundered yes; when he asked whether they wanted an immediate peace in China, they equally loudly shouted no; and Moore commented sarcastically: "Well, you can't preach peace and want war at the same time."

The dilemma of the anti-Communists arose from the fact that you *can* preach peace and want war at the same time, provided that you want *only* civil war and that you are one who believes that civil and social justice, political and economic inequity in a particular country can, unless remedied, lead to war among countries.

In China the military struggle has become a species of international war between the Soviet East and the American West; but it *also* is a civil war, a struggle of emancipation from old economic, social and political servitudes. The pro-Communists who believe in ideational blinders could choose to see out of only one eye. The anti-Communists couldn't. By definition—by their own definition of themselves—they couldn't be against the civil war in China; as resisters to dictatorship they had to be against Chiang as much (or almost) as they were against Stalin.

As a matter of fact one of the three differences between their meeting and the earlier one, as stated by David Rousset, was precisely that they were studying "the problem of the existence or non-existence of liberty in *all* countries." Another was that "no problems are taboo" to them; the third, that they consider favoring one world bloc over another "grave and injurious."

**Abbe Boulier's** remark about the leader of the world conciliators pointed up an extremely important aspect of the dilemma of the men who are seeking to organize a democratic international with the slogan, "Liberty, safeguard of peace; peace, safeguard of liberty." Though there is a real East-West cold war, though it may lead to a third world war, there aren't really two well-defined sides to the international civil war of ideas and purposes: on the one hand there are of course the Communists, a closed concern, but on the other hand, the ideas and men arrayed against them form not a unified force but a free market of varying democracies, some almost as phony as the Soviet variety.

The Communists chose Paris for a congress in which words disciplined into tame uniformity were to be heard as warnings of tough (and equally uniform) action to come, as a call for the creation of pro-Soviet partisanship of the fighting variety: the Salle Pleyel sessions amounted to organization meetings of a Fifth Column of partisan fighters who would use every obscure trick of guerrilla warfare, every tactic, in the service of an unchangeable dogma of political religiosity.

Obviously they chose this city because it is the capital of the country of the West in which wartime partisan fighting reached its fullest development. But they also chose Paris because

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it was here in the eighteenth century that the first great modern revolution began, here that the first international was conceived. The revolution 160 years ago conformed to the definition of true freedom given by Friedrich Nietzsche (whose ideas in the nineteenth century found terrible weapons in the twentieth): it involved both a freedom *from* and a freedom *for*.

Neither of the two meetings here during the last fortnight gave promise of as much. To most American progressives it seemed that only the anti-Communist meeting had any chance to. From a closer perspective that chance didn't seem to have been even seriously approached. Yet only when such a convocation does weld the two aspects of freedom will it be able to draw support from more than intellectuals without real roots in the soil of dynamic contemporary reality—political, social and moral. (To be sure, Richard H. S. Crossman and Michael Foot were at the Vel d'Hiv and messages came from Mrs. Roosevelt and the top men of American labor; but so far as the mass base in continental Western Europe was concerned, the anti-Communists had very little to offer.)

**Both meetings** made their bids by words. Consider some of the key words. The Communists stressed partisanship, hence freedom *for*; the anti-Communists stressed resistance, hence freedom *from*. Even though the Communist brand of freedom looks very much like servitude, the slogan looked like an affirmative idea to very many ordinary Western Europeans. The play was from real political power for more power, and on the basis of the world of the mid-twentieth century. In every European country, for better or worse, whether American progressives like it or not, the word "partisan," which stands for resistance to Nazi-Fascist oppression, also stands for the Communist stress in that resistance. The notion that Communist equals partisan and vice versa is sheer mythology; Communists were in a minority in the *Resistance*; but they fought as hard as, if not harder than, any of the other resisters.

Paris wags called the Salle Pleyel meeting "the partisan congress of partisan peace." It wasn't much of a pun. Even less amusing was the feeling, fairly widespread among progressives, that the anti-Communists' "peace through freedom" was too vague, too traditionalist (in 1949), too intellectualoid (at any time) to offer the affirmative a real democratic international must have. O. John Rogge was a brave man to speak as he did to the members of the congress. (He also showed his lawyer's skill in having been able to infiltrate the barriers set up by thought-controller Laurent Casanova.) But he was an American. Besides, Western European progressives wanted to know for which and for how many Americans he spoke—not how many would applaud him nor how many would write or read articles in liberal publications, but how many would and could do the equivalent of following him into the *maquis* of the future with guns in their hands.

A new Progressive Party in the United States arouses little hope and less enthusiasm on the morrow of ECA David Bruce's elevation to the palatial embassy next to the palatial Crillon. And though Western European progressives don't join the anti-Pact pack, the fate of Truman's Fair Deal makes them wonder if "America is promises" and nothing more (to paraphrase Archibald MacLeish).

**With all due respect** to Jean-Paul Sartre's skill (or even genius) as an intellectual, it didn't help the practical cause of Western European democracy to have him organize the resistance demonstration. The Communists also had plenty of intellectuals, but many of them were present as representatives of labor unions. For example, a poet, a film writer and a professor of Petrarchian literature spoke for Fiat workers; a poet and an actor for the Terni workers; another actor for the Genoese port workers. Sidney Hook, James Farrell, Richard Wright, Ignazio Silone, Carlo Levi and a crowd of French writing folk didn't provide the drama of the presence on the steering committee at the Salle Pleyel of Vera Trastulli, widow of a Terni worker killed by Scelba's police.

The men and women in Western Europe to whom both meetings were making their appeal don't read the writings of the men at either of the meetings—or at any rate few do. They don't care much for the works of Picasso, Matisse and the other painters and sculptors. They do, however, understand the poster which the Italians brought along. Done in the melodramatic style of the drawings of the week's most horrible crime of passion and violence that for generations of Sundays have tormented the colored supplements of the mass-circulation newspapers, it showed a peace partisan saving an infant at its mother's breast from the dagger of a warmonger. They also understand the words of a Scottish miner better than those of William Green.

**The ravaged faces** of a dozen war widows of as many nationalities who spoke the words, "No to war," meant more than the message from Mrs. Roosevelt. The tragedy of the progressive anti-Communist Left, as suggested in the two meetings here, isn't only that the thinkers—the men concerned with international freedom—haven't a new and affirmative idea around which to rally in the international civil war. It's that the great masses of the people who live more by feeling than by thought, and in countries that may be exposed more cruelly to the third war than America, are almost literally thinking with their blood and bodies when they say, "No to war." History and geography more than principles and politics make them not quite so interested as the Americans in "Yes to freedom."

Yet they might respond as they did only a few years ago (for they, too, furnished resisters) if they had a clearly defined side in the great war of progress, if they had something to settle the doubts in their minds (and not promises or pacts), if they had something to lift their hearts and hopes. They didn't get any of this at the Vel d'Hiv. So, many of them continued to pay insurance premiums at the Salle Pleyel.

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# HAROLD L. ICKES: On Frisking the Alaska Indians

*This is the second of a series of regular weekly columns by Harold L. Ickes, former Secretary of the Interior. Ickes first appeared on the national political scene as a Midwestern Bull Mooser. He left the Republican progressives to join Franklin D. Roosevelt and served in all of Roosevelt's cabinets.*

INTERIOR SECRETARY KRUG has lately trod the stage as the star actor in the drama, quietly being rehearsed, that would strip the victorious allies of the fruits of their victory by returning Ruhr industries to the German steel barons. However, he is not limiting his stripping act to the Ruhr. He is seeking to extend it to Alaska, where the Indians still own valuable property.

Secretary Krug has earned a reputation of laboring little, if at all, in the vineyard of public interest. Generally speaking, his motto seems to be: "Don't do anything today that you can put off until tomorrow." But this is his motto only when public rights are concerned. Recent events have demonstrated that he is assiduous in holding the stirrup for the private interests. He is always ready to sneeze when private interests, grasping for public property, have taken snuff. While all of the disturbing facts underlying and accompanying Krug's extracurricular activities in behalf of the German steel barons have not yet been disclosed, the urgency of the situation with respect to his intention to rob the Alaska Indians of their remaining property is such that no time should be lost in telling that disgraceful story.

**Overwhelmingly,** Americans, although apparently not Krug, have had an uneasy conscience about the way our forefathers treated the original inhabitants. As we read the history of man's inhumanity to man in Colonial and succeeding days, shame has flushed our foreheads. Knowing how our pious forefathers, invoking the grace of God, succeeded in acquiring land by trickery, deceit and ruthless murder, we ought to welcome the second chance that our own generation has to prove that, as respects the Indians, we are not a people of cruel greed and of ruthless acquisitiveness.

The fact is that today, so far as Alaska is concerned, we have our second chance to prove our own moral quality. Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos are living on lands that have belonged to them by right of possession from time immemorial. Generally speaking, this is the same right of possession which, on other occasions, the United States has recognized and protected.

Upon the recommendation of former Chief Justice Hanna of the New Mexico Supreme Court, after a long and careful investigation, the predecessor of Krug declared, by an appropriate order, that the Tlingit and Haida Indians had possessory rights to the Tongass Forest, and before he resigned his office, work was in progress to set up several Indian reservations. Unfortunately, thanks to the usual sabotage of the National Forest Service, none of these reservations had come into being when Krug was sworn in. Orders to effect this have been lying on his desk now for a number of months.

Secretary Krug is not satisfied to sit with all of his weight upon the finding of his predecessor. With respect to the Tongass Forest, he conspired with the National Forest Service to deprive the two tribes of Indians involved of the benefit of the legal findings in their behalf. A bill was passed by the 80th Congress which President Truman unfortunately signed, no doubt inadvertently, which gave the Forest Service bureaucrats power to turn over the Tongass Forest to certain private pulp interests.

Fortunately for the Indians, it was, and is, unconstitutional for the government to take private property and give it to others. Property may not be taken even by the government itself without just compensation. The attorney for the Indians warned that he would resist, in court if necessary, the spoliation of his clients. And those who hoped to profit by this rape of the Indians seem to be afraid to take possession. Secretary Krug was not dismayed because his timber steal bogged down. He then tried to turn over the valuable fishing sites to the packing interests. He submitted a bill for that purpose to Congress, which failed of passage. The people of Alaska repudiated him by voting in referendum, 9 to 1, to abolish the fishtraps owned by absentee corporations. Krug has now returned to his cherished attempt to turn the forests over to the pulp interests, a job that was boggled by his unconstitutional Tongass Timber Bill.

Although Judge Hanna had covered the ground completely, Krug wanted another investigation. He still refused to sign the necessary final orders confirming Indian title. Could he have thought that this would mean more delay, and a lengthened cloud upon good Indian titles? But even his own investigators sustained the earlier findings of Judge Hanna. And now it is apparent that, instead of making the Indians secure in their immemorial titles, it is Secretary Krug's deliberate intention to take away their lands under a pretense of legality. The bill that he is supporting would make our early treatment of the Indians look like pennysnatching. He seeks to wipe out all property rights of the natives of Alaska and turn them over to multiple-million-dollar corporations. In doing this he seeks to discredit President Truman by alleging that the President himself is supporting this nefarious plot to rob the Indians.

**This Alaska Indian** robbery bill provides for granting deeds to the Indians only for lands that their houses actually occupy or in which their dead lie buried. It would wipe out the Indians'

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rights to large areas that belong to them and are needed by them in order to earn a livelihood. It would expropriate their lands and reduce the Indians from a property-owning people to a people without property, dependent upon charity. It would reverse the humane national policy of trying to elevate the native people and reduce them to a degraded status.

Although Secretary Krug would dispossess the Indians of their lands, he does not do it as would a braver man, who, seeing what he wants, reaches out to take it. This is a snide bill, full of tricks and mantraps. Krug tries to make it appear as a settlement, by negotiation, of Alaska Indian land-title problems. It is the same sort of negotiation that is faced by the man who empties his pockets when he is confronted with a gun. For instance, it is provided that the natives may have "additional lands"—additional to their house plots and burial grounds—if they will execute an absolute surrender to the United States of all claims to any other areas under possessory rights. While providing for the *release* of these rights, the bill also provides that the claims will be wiped out either upon acceptance *or* upon rejection of the order of the Secretary of the Interior defining what additional lands they may be allowed to own. As for southeastern Alaska, most of the rights would be extinguished upon the passage of the bill by a proviso "that claims to areas within the exterior boundaries of national forests other than community lands [town sites, smokehouses, burial grounds] shall be extinguished immediately."

Under the measure, if Secretary Krug should be humane and generous enough to allow the Indians additional lands, any rights to minerals found under the surface would rest in the discretion of the Secretary. So far, during his tenure of office, and when he has had time to divert his absorbed attention from making the Ruhr industries safe for the Nazis, Secretary Krug, in the exercise of his discretion, has always leaned heavily in the direction of the big-business interests in Alaska—the monopolistic fishing industry, the timber barons and the great mining corporations. The natives of Alaska have discovered, to their great cost, that they have never found the wherewithal to butter their parsnips when they had to rely upon the "discretion" of the big-business-minded Secretary who, more than any other member of the government, is charged with the sacred duty of protecting the rights of the weak and the defenseless.

**In an effort** to make the bill palatable to the natives, its framers tossed in two *authorizations* for large appropriations to improve the economic status of the natives. The first of these authorizes the appropriation of $40 million to be available to the Alaska natives as a revolving loan fund. However, if the Department of the Interior really intends to make money available for the needed rehabilitation of these natives whom Krug proposes to rob further, it can request that the funds be appropriated under the 1936 Act. The other authorization is for $100 million to be expended *on* (not by) the natives for necessary civic improvements. The Indians need these improvements just as they need a revolving loan fund. However, a simpler and less expensive way would be to include Indian villages in the plan now taking shape to launch a large federal-works program in Alaska.

Native land titles in Alaska are complicated by the fact that the Indians have no written records of title, and by questionable interpretations of Russia's treaty with the United States. But Acts of Congress have again and again reaffirmed these rights, and the duty of the United States is to protect them. Secretary Krug himself, testifying before a committee of Congress to prevent passage of just such a bill as he is now proposing, stated unequivocally that the Indians have a sound legal basis for their claims to ownership of land in Alaska. His own Department, under his direction, has defined the boundaries of those claims by metes and bounds, and fixed definite boundary lines. No new legislation is needed to quiet the title of the Indians of Alaska. The facts are incontestable. As a matter of fact, Krug has publicly said:

> . . . It would be easily possible under the procedure established by Congress in 1936 to establish reservations, and I am sure negotiate a settlement with the Indians for any other claims they might have, if Congress chooses to use that basis for clearing this matter up, so you would only have a trading of a reservation as against the rights they now claim they have, and *that was the general mechanism that was contemplated at the time Congress passed the act of 1936*. . . . I come to this committee saying that this is the way to do it: Sit down with these Indians, negotiate regarding these claims and get it settled and cleared up in the next year or two and get it over with . . . under the present law I have that power. (Italics mine. – H.L.I.)

The Indians of southeastern Alaska have now waited for 60 years for the United States Government to carry out its promises to give them documentary title to their lands. Those who demand justice for that territory agree with Secretary Krug's declaration that the solution to the land-title disputes in Alaska is within his discretion. He should make use immediately of the procedures available to him and protect the natives' rights by the creation of reservations.

Today, the government wants to sponsor a program for developing Alaska. The natives are in sympathy with such a program. They believe that the first step is the protection of their land rights so that they may be an asset to the territory, and not a liability.

In speaking of another group of Indians, President Truman has written:

"The United States, which would live on Christian principles with all of the peoples of the world, cannot omit a fair deal for its own Indian citizens."

Are robbery and double dealing to continue to be the Indians' "Fair Deal"? Do our "Christian principles" begin to operate only after the Indian has nothing further of value for the white man to covet?

HAROLD L. ICKES

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TRADE UNIONS in politics work for two kinds of legislation. One body of legislation deals with specialized stuff: New York trainmen recently pushed through a bill for weekly payment; the maritime unions recently amended an ECA appropriation to guarantee a percentage of transport in American bottoms to protect jobs of American seafarers; Illinois milkmen and letter carriers got the House Judiciary Committee to report favorably on a bill to make an owner liable for a dog who makes an unprovoked attack upon any person who is "peaceably conducting himself in any place where he may lawfully be." Another body of legislation deals with fairly general matters: minimum wages, Taft-Hartley, social security, disability payments. This latter category, in America, has traditionally avoided tinkering with the economic system. But falling employment may spur unions to show the same concern about a full-employment bill as they have about the Labor Management Act.

**"Breadlines or** voting lines?" That was the slogan of an ad, submitted to a highly placed labor politico by a well-oiled New York advertising firm several weeks before Election Day, 1948. This dramatic appeal to vote was constructed around one of those grim, accurate photos of 1931's soup kitchens. The labor leader was impressed. "Good," he grunted. "Save it. We'll need it in 1952."

Now it appears that unions are getting ready to use that kind of poster long before 1952. The CIO has supplied its affiliate unions with an economic analysis, based upon the argument that simple *stability* will not suffice to keep our nation at work. The CIO estimates that an additional million workers are seeking employment every year. Unless the economic system *expands* to absorb these new recruits, unemployment must become cumulatively disastrous. In a 25-minute interview with President Truman on the problem of unemployment, Philip Murray began with the traditional approach; namely raise wages and cut profits, then moved on to propose expanded plant capacity in basic industries such as steel, electric power, aluminum, etc., and a long-range program of public housing and public works.

Loud and urgent voices have been heard in the Textile Workers' Union, insisting upon the need for a clearly formulated, over-all program to beat back unemployment. The official figure of 3.2 million jobless in America conceals the fact that in certain soft industries—like textiles—the percentage of unemployment is disastrously high. George Baldanzi, militant vice-president of the CIO Textile Workers of America, recently made a plea for an economy of abundance that sounded like an old-fashioned Socialist assault upon capitalism.

**Most unions** are still holding their fire on the unemployment question for three reasons: first, because they hope that the letdown is only partial and temporary; second, because they don't want to make matters worse by crying "crisis"; third, because they don't want to embarrass the Administration. Should present unemployment trends continue, however, you may expect the labor movement to subordinate all current demands—except repeal of Taft-Hartley—to an over-all demand for full-employment legislation.

Curiously, American trade unions are finding themselves—like their social-democratic brethren in Europe—increasingly propelled toward championing the "welfare state." This comes as less of a surprise in the case of the CIO than the AFL, whose Dan Tobin, Teamsters (his age is a matter of debate but is conceded to be somewhere between 80 and 90), states this month: "I personally believe in socialized medicine. . . . England, with its mild form of socialism, is far ahead of the United States for many reasons."

**At the state level,** united legislative action by labor registers major victories. In Pennsylvania, the Kephart bill (opposed by labor as an "anti-strike slave labor bill") was defeated, 43 to 7, in the senate. New Hampshire repealed its state anti-labor law, the Willy Act. This parallels similar recent action in Louisiana, Maine and New Mexico. Communists in trade unions slipped two notches recently: The National Federation of Insurance Agents Council (AFL) ran ahead of the United Office and Professional Workers (CIO) in a vote of Prudential Life Insurance agents in 31 states. The UOPWA has been the bargaining agent. The United Auto Workers won elections from the Farm Equipment Workers in several Allis-Chalmers plants where FE used to be the bargaining agent.

The Amalgamated Meat Cutters (AFL) did the unusual by calling upon workers to vote for a rival CIO union, United Packinghouse Workers of America, in a recent election at Wilson's Chicago plant. The real opponent of the CIO was a company-dominated outfit. The AFL leaflet read:

> The Amalgamated may have differences with some of the officers of the UPWA (CIO) . . . but the Amalgamated (AFL) will not support any effort to victimize organized workers or be used to weaken workers in their fight against having their union destroyed by their employer. The Amalgamated (AFL) says: Vote for your union UPWA (CIO) Local 25.

**"The Moral ABC's"** is the title of an editorial in *Work*, publication of the Catholic Labor Alliance (Chicago), excoriating the Bowling Congress for its lily-white policy. The *Catholic Herald Citizen* of Milwaukee says that:

> The Catholic bowler who hears the name of Christ profaned in a bowling establishment rightly objects to such. The Catholic bowler who sees the principles of Christ violated by uncharitable and unjust discrimination in bowling circles must likewise object.

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## TOWARD A DEFINITION OF T. S. ELIOT

**by Max Lerner**

OUR ELIOT-BEMUSED contemporaries may as well use the occasion of their hero's new book to face a grim fact: in the hierarchy of T. S. Eliot's many abilities, including great poetry and almost as great criticism, his social theory is as leaky as a sieve. To be sure, it is a wonderfully wrought sieve —with some features of Victorian handicraft and some of medieval, con-

NOTES TOWARD THE DEFINITION OF CULTURE, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace; $2.50).

trived with far more subtlety and embellished with far more grace than the clumsy modern utilitarian products. But just the same it leaks badly.

The argument of this book is put, with too great modesty, in terms of scrupulous definition of the vague term "culture." Actually it turns out to be Eliot's familiar argument that the established order is disintegrating, and with it the established values; that the basic cultural values of any order are the religious ones; that we are losing these values because we are losing our carrier and transmitter of them—the hereditary class structure; that the great bane of modern life, and the underminer of culture, is the new-fangled democratic idea of equality of opportunity, especially of educational opportunity, which spreads the heresy that "some mechanism of selection will be found, so that every individual shall in due course take his place at the highest cultural level for which his natural aptitudes qualify him"; that the true doctrine is that of an aristocracy of place and inheritance. It follows that the true doctrine places at the bottom the layers of underlying population, who are also by inheritance to be kept from rising any higher, for "each cultural level must propagate itself."

That is the core of the argument, leaving out many subtleties about how one would get conflict and diversity within the bounds of the true religion, the true church (with competing sects), the true culture, the true hierarchical and rigidly maintained class structure. In a sense the book gives the appearance of being grimly logical and closely reasoned mainly because it is a labored and elaborate tautology. For it argues that the cultural values of an unequal society can be maintained and perpetuated only by the perpetuation of the social and class conditions out of which the inequalities flow. Q.E.D., and damned easily, too. But the big question still remains: why assume that the cultural values of an unequal society are desirable, or that they alone constitute "culture"?

The trouble with Eliot is that he takes for granted the very thing that most needs proving—that only the values of an unequal society are worth the term "culture." There is a sense, I know, in which it may be said that all beauty is founded on injustice. But I should have thought that Americans especially would be skeptical in the extreme of the doctrine that only an aristocratic culture can be great. For one need not be a chauvinist to see that America has built a great culture—and I use the term both in the anthropologist's sense and in Eliot's sense of a structure of values and creativeness—and has built it on a principle the exact opposite of a hereditary aristocracy. Eliot may not like the kind of culture that has resulted (it is hard to know: sometimes he seems to use the term about the culture of England; sometimes about Western Europe; sometimes about the whole of Europe; sometimes about the Western world, including Europe and America; sometimes about all Christendom, including the Jews scattered in the Diaspora), but he can scarcely deny that the American cultural pattern has shown vitality and the capacity to fire the imagination, provoke passionate indignation and inspire belief the world over.

I wish someone could convince Eliot that culture is not, as Holmes used to say about due process, a "brooding omnipresence in the sky." I like the definition by Kluckhohn and Kelly in their brilliant paper on the culture concept—that it is a set of "explicit and implicit designs for living" which people who live together share. As such it consists of a lot of things which a hereditary aristocracy rooted in a regional way of life might not like to stomach—for example, Negro and Jewish boys knocking insistently at the gates of the great universities for their chance at educational opportunity; labor leaders knocking at the gates of capitalist power; a thoroughgoing pluralism of sect and ethnic stock and religious creed and economic income group, with the informing principle that of movement and dynamism and not of rigidity.

**I think Eliot** would answer that what makes a culture great is not its dynamism or vitality but its religious belief, and the capacity of that belief to hold together what would otherwise become a bundle of shards and fragments. There is enough truth in this to be disconcerting to the democrats and the secularists in the face of whom Eliot has uttered this cry of *de profundis*. It is the cry of a sensitive spirit who has seen the cult of materialism and the cult of power and the cult of success end up in a world more than half totalitarian and on the brink of war. That is also what makes many other sensitive spirits respond to him, and makes them wonder whether he may not be right about the need for a hereditary class carrier of culture.

Eliot's curious notion is that you can hold a society together by in-

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voking the sanction of a church that once was central to that society but is so no longer. It has become fashionable to lament the decay of religious faith—so much so that *the religious man as the core of the culture* has become as much of a fiction as *the economic man as the key to history* used to be. One can, of course, so define "culture" as to make religion and its churches the heart of it, and that is what Eliot does. But that becomes the rankest kind of question-begging. There can be no great and enduring culture that has not got some kind of *belief* to unify it, but the lesson of recent history is that it must be a changing and dynamic belief in human values, rather than a church-organized belief in the supernatural. Eliot says that culture cannot be planned, that it must grow of its own accord. I agree, but I assert also that culture cannot be achieved by a process of negative planning, by an *ungrowth* or throwback to beliefs that once had validity and fire. Eliot seems to have a haunted obsession for what the psychologists call a lost love-object.

Even in the sphere of church history which he seems to have made his own, Eliot has not thought his problem through with any clarity or depth. The countries in which the church has had the strongest and most medieval hold—Spain, Portugal, the Balkans and Central Europe, Russia—are exactly the countries in which totalitarianisms today exist. Russia is a particularly interesting case, because it had (as Berdayev and Sir John Maynard have shown) the most organic church concept in religious history—one in which truth and holiness resided in the mystical communion of the congregation rather than in the individual conscience; yet today Russia has, in Eliot's sense of the terms, neither a church religion nor a valid culture.

Our best hope is that a new religion, with both secular and mystical elements of belief, will emerge naturally out of the maturing democratic convictions of our time. The fact that the world is in agony does not mean that such a belief is out of the question. It is exactly in a time of agony that religions are born. The greatest statements thus far of the American religion of democracy came from Lincoln and Whitman, out of the agony of civil war. What Eliot forgets is that the Christianity he values did not come into being by nostalgic invocations to an aristocratic muse. It came into being (as Gibbon and Sorel have shown) by a revolt of the poor as well as the pure, a revolt led by a dangerous man who upset a class hierarchy of the holy and powerful and bigoted. Eliot admires the plumage, but he ignores how the bird came to have birth.

Christianity has its deepest roots in the belief in equality of democratic opportunity; it had to be reborn in the Reformation when that belief had long been obscured. In our day also the true sources of the disintegration of culture lie in the contempt for the people. Eliot has made himself one of the leaders in the movement which embodies that contempt. As such, for all the eloquence of his well-bred lament, he has muddied rather than defined the concept of our culture as a democratic and humanist structure.

## THE CLIMATE OF PEACE

EDUCATION FOR PEACE, by Herbert Read (Scribner's; $2.75).

PEACE AT ALL COSTS was a popular sentiment in the years following World War I. Some of the costs, as it turned out, were the isolationism and laissez-faire policies that opened the way for the German and Japanese conquests. Today few people preach complete pacifism. Herbert Read is one of them. Occasionally, when he is advocating passive resistance to any situation, his voice, for all his references to the atom bomb and the outcome of World War II, sounds uncomfortably like the voice of the 1930's, and his arguments fail the test of application to the events of the last twenty years. But when he goes beyond this to the core of his thesis—the way in which pacifism can be made practical and the peace kept—his book is challenging and important.

In Read's opinion, we have begun at the wrong end in attempting to set up a world federation before we have prepared the state of mind in which such a concept can function. "Modern wars," he writes, ". . . are symptoms of the moral nihilism which has overtaken the civilized world, and they can only be prevented by a revolution in the social basis of human consciousness." A "unity of nations" will be a consequence of such a revolution, but not vice versa.

**The revolution** must begin with education, and Read attacks the whole aim of modern educative methods. Education today seeks to promote as much intelligence and industry as possible and, by using competition as its basis, prepares its students for a competitive world. It should rather, Read holds, go back to the Platonic aim of instilling a moral sense: teaching the individual to choose instinctively what is good and reject what is bad.

The way Read suggests to achieve this purpose—largely through the study of esthetics and active participation in such forms of art as music, dancing and painting—follows some of the lines in his earlier book, *Education Through Art*, but here it is closely tied to the central problem of peace, and the author makes good use of the findings of modern psychology to underline the manner in which inherent aggressiveness can be directed into creative channels. Self-fulfillment, not success, is the final product of the type of education Read proposes, and discipline (which is to say, self-discipline) is the end, not the means.

Read develops his points with lucidity and logic, and his conclusions might be pondered by the officials of UNESCO whom he accuses of confusing culture with learning and education with propaganda. Accepted lines are no longer tenable, he claims, for the epoch which began with the Renaissance is now at an end, and the disruption of the last two wars is only one indication of this. "The only hope of saving our civilization lies in the spiritual or psychological sphere: civilization . . . is dependent on culture: unless as a people we find a new vision we shall perish." ANNE L. GOODMAN

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## POISON PEN

MEMOIRS OF ALFRED ROSENBERG. With commentary by Serge Lang and Ernst von Schenck. Translated from the German by Eric Posselt (Ziff-Davis; $4).

THE TITLE is somewhat misleading, for the "memoirs" of the late Nuremberg war criminal do not constitute more than 40 percent of the book, the bulk of it being an analytic commentary by two Swiss journalists. As for the reminiscences, they are actually the defense material Rosenberg prepared for his trial. Rosenberg needed to impress his judges, needed to convince them of his "innocence." The official Nazi "philosopher," whose writings, especially *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, were involved and obscure, managed to write clearly when pleading for his life. Here we have "Rosenberg without a halo," and there is relatively little of the presumptuous gibberish millions of Germans admired because they could not understand it. To grasp what this self-appointed sage may have wanted to say in his ambitious tomes you must read *Rosenberg's Nazi Myth*, by Albert R. Chandler, of Ohio State University. To realize what a mediocrity he was, the present volume is heartily recommended.

The American psychiatrist, Dr. Douglas M. Kelley, who interviewed and tested the Nuremberg criminals, reports that beyond doubt Rosenberg was of low-average intelligence. Readers looking for interesting revelations will be disappointed by these "memoirs." They are much less valuable than the brilliant running commentary that testifies to the editors' profound knowledge of the Nazi era.

Rosenberg, who has stolen even his main thesis, namely, that history is a continual struggle—the noble Nordic spirit v. the corrupt, inferior races—was first of all exceedingly vain and, despite his "literary" success, extremely insecure. When, as Reichsminister for the occupied Eastern territories, he visited his home town, Reval (now Tallinn, capital of Estonia), he was flattered to hear that drawings he had made as an adolescent were still extant. And he went into ecstasy when Hitler praised his articles. Yet he believes that he did not attend a reception given in honor of Hitler, just released from a Bavarian prison (in 1925), because he, Rosenberg, "always shunned anything that smacked of the theatrical."

Frequently he forgets his role of defendant, becoming again the "lofty" ideologist who gives his precious advice to the Western powers. Worried about an alleged "mulattoization" of the world, aided and abetted by the church, he brazenly declares: "Never will a Hottentot, 'believer' though he may be, build cathedrals; never will a Negro write a Fifth Symphony, nor even understand it." Thundering against "purely materialistic pseudo-Darwinistic Marxism," he is convinced of the "inheritability of racial attributes." Thus he warns America that she will go the way of Greece and Rome unless she stops the emancipation of the colored people, and he accuses the Catholic Church ("which even today has black bishops") of being the "pacemaker" of this suicidal development. As for the Jewish pogroms, he blames his dead Führer for having ordered this mass annihilation; yet he points to the Germans driven from the Polish-occupied Eastern provinces, and distils anew a little anti-Semitism by mentioning the Stern Gang's assaults on the British.

**Rosenberg never** personally tortured or shot any Jews, Poles or Russians, but, as Lang and von Schenck point out, through his brutish theories this "paranoiac dreamer of sick dreams" must bear his share of the crime. Some of his colleagues saw the light of truth at Nuremberg—for instance, Hans Frank, who accepted his guilt, or Robert Ley, who took his life. Rosenberg of Estonia, who "combined in his breast the worst attributes of Czarist Russia and Wilhelminic Germany," not only was devoted to Hitler and Hitlerism to the last, but in a political testament, printed at the end of the book, even rebukes England and the US for having refused "with true bourgeois conceit" to listen to the Nazis. Nuremberg, he states, served "no other purpose than to becloud an event of world historical importance." The Western powers will find that they were wrong, that they need a strong Germany to fight Communism.

Although these "memoirs" do not reveal anything unknown, they are valuable in so far as they expose a megalomaniac little man and his stupid yet dangerous theories. It is worth studying this book, if only because, as the editors put it, "tomorrow someone may find new words in which to cloak a similar doctrine which may have an equally hypnotic affect on the Germans, or on other peoples."

ALFRED WERNER

*Alfred Werner, author of several volumes of criticism, has contributed to Commentary, the Saturday Review of Literature and the New York Times. He spent several years in Nazi Germany, including six months in Dachau.*

## BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

OUT OF EXILE, by Soetan Sjahrir. Translated, and with an Introduction, by Charles Wolf Jr. (The John Day Company; $3).

ALTHOUGH Soetan Sjahrir's account of his life as a political prisoner of the Dutch lacks the literary eminence of Nehru's reminiscences of his imprisonment by the British, the memoirs of the two increasingly important Oriental statesmen have one distinguished trait in common. It is a quality of personal magnanimity not far from nobility. Both suffered long terms of incarceration at the hands of the Occidental oppressors of their people for their belief in human freedom, and in neither case did it make the prisoner vindictive or fill him with hatred for the West. On the contrary, without changing their convictions about the need for national independence, it seems to have confirmed the two men in their belief that an understanding between East and West, with each learning something from the culture and spirit of the other, is of vital necessity for the future of the world.

*Out of Exile* closes with a revealing account of Sjahrir's participation in the underground movement against

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the Japanese in Java after the Dutch released him from prison in 1941; with his part in the rise of the Indonesian Republic, in which he was at one time both Premier and Foreign Minister; and of his negotiating of the Linggadjati Agreement with the Dutch, which might have brought peace to Indonesia if the Netherlands government had not betrayed it.

Most of it, though, consists of letters he wrote to his wife during his imprisonment and exile, and these personal reflections, from 1934, when he was declared a political criminal at the age of 25 for leading a group that advocated more education for the Indonesians, until he was released eight years later as the Japanese were about to invade Indonesia, are the most important part of the work.

**As the story** of a political exile the letters are interesting enough, but what is really important is the temper of mind they reveal. The tolerance, the understanding, the sympathetic knowledge of the Western world, the appreciation of the virtues of the West as well as the weaknesses of the East, the realization of the need for friendship rather than hatred between the Dutch and the Indonesians, would be astonishing coming from any member of an oppressed colonial race. Coming from a revolutionary leader, they reveal a quality of statesmanship that is almost unheard of. After reading these letters, one realizes that the unforgivable crime committed by Dutch colonial rule was in wasting the usefulness of a man so superbly fitted for bringing about a better understanding between East and West.

It is a chastening experience for a Western reader to note how Soetan Sjahrir, cut off from the outside world in his prison camp in the farthest reaches of the Indies, understood the meaning of events in Europe to which so many Americans and Europeans were blind. From the first he saw the Franco revolt in Spain as the opening act in a fascist assault on Europe. "If," he wrote on July 27, 1936, "the reactionaries in Spain win out, then the triumphal march of fascism throughout the world will gain further momentum and the defeat of the French, Belgian and Dutch democracies will be at hand."

When most of his fellow countrymen were sympathetic to Japan as their defender against Occidental arrogance, he saw the menace of Japanese militarism.

As his whole career has proved, he is no Communist and his liberal socialist philosophy is the best protection Indonesia has against Communism, yet he never doubted that the Chinese Reds were leading a popular revolution against the feudalism of Chiang Kai-shek. In January, 1937, he wrote of them:

> Actually this element amounts to a peasant revolt under Communist leadership. Its success lies neither in its military might nor in its strong and efficient organization, but rather in the response and sympathy that its aims and actions elicit from the millions of poor peasant farmers and workers in China. It has the silent support of those millions, and it finds its inexhaustible reservoir of man power in these millions.

With the Dutch driving his people into the violence of desperation, Sjahrir is handicapped among the Indonesians at present by his very tolerance and understanding of the West, but his book makes it clear that in the current awakening of the East he will continue to play an important part, if only as a spiritual force.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

## AMERICAN SALES TALK

OVERSEAS INFORMATION SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, by Charles A. H. Thomson (The Brookings Institution; $4).

THIS HISTORY presents in full the story of the attempt which the American government has been making during the past decade to sell its ideals, purposes and actions in the overseas market. It was an attempt that got stumblingly under way before Pearl Harbor with the early Rockefeller and Donovan operations, reached full stride during the war in the overseas operations of the OWI, and sagged unhappily after V-J Day into the limited efforts of the State Department symbolized by the "Voice of America" radio program.

This postwar sag, Thomson indicates, was probably unavoidable. In times of outright war or of stable peace, an overseas information program isn't such a problem; in the first case you push it with everything you've got, and in the second case you don't touch it at all. But what do you do in an era like the present, which is neither war nor peace but a time of constant jockeying for advantage?

What we actually did, as the author points out, was cling to the skeleton of the operation in the vague belief that the peoples of the world would remain at peace if they just understood one another; we put the program in the State Department, which was neither temperamentally nor organizationally fitted to handle it, made it subject to an assortment of congressional phobias and prejudices which were bound to cripple it—and then sat back and hoped for the best.

> The most important task for the responsible officials in the State Department [says Thomson] is to establish a clear notion of what the information program is for, and how it should be related to national strategy. . . . As a first step, it would be well to drop the unrealistic formula of "peace through understanding" and to restate the objectives of the information service as follows: "To support United States foreign policy by giving foreign peoples information about the aims, policies and institutions of the United States."

Following which, of course, we must realize that the service is a basic tool of national policy, and finance and organize the job so it can work properly.

Thomson has done a thorough, intelligent job of tracing the ins and outs of our various overseas information efforts. His recital of the problems and achievements of the OWI is especially good, and his account of the fumbles of the postwar era is none the less scathing for being completely dispassionate. If we ever need another wartime propaganda agency, this book will be absolutely indispensable to the luckless official who has to organize it.

But as a guide for present action it

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doesn't quite reach the real target. The story of American democracy is going to be told by the hard facts of our national policy, not by our sales talks. If we stand for reëstablishing the Ruhr cartels, for the support of armed reaction in places like Greece and Spain, for the continued exploitation of subject folk in the Orient and elsewhere —well, in that case people are going to draw the obvious conclusion no matter what we say to them.

The author is quite correct in saying that any overseas information program must be the handmaiden of basic policy; so if we don't like the effect we're getting, perhaps we ought to begin by having a long look at the policy itself, and tend to the information program later. The sales resistance we're meeting these days, here and there, isn't altogether the fault of the sales department. BRUCE CATTON

*Bruce Catton, author of The War Lords of Washington, was Director of Information for the War Production Board and later for the Department of Commerce. He is now devoting his time entirely to writing.*

## FICTION PARADE

JEAN BAROIS, by Roger Martin du Gard (The Viking Press; $3.50).
THE MELODRAMATISTS, by Howard Nemerov (Random House; $3).
THE LOTTERY, or, The Adventures of James Harris, by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus; $2.75).

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED in 1913, *Jean Barois'* claim to attention in this first English translation is readily justified by a comparison with most current fiction, although this dubious compliment does scant justice to a serious, intelligent and in many ways original novel. The author will be remembered for his later, but earlier translated, *The World of the Thibaults*.

The book has an incidental value as an intellectual history of France from 1878, when the story opens, to the (then) present, just before the First World War. It would be more precise to describe it as a history of the intellectual *temper* of France during those years.

What Roger Martin du Gard has really done is to recreate a milieu that fostered beliefs and programs which now read as a slightly quaint catalogue—Darwinism, historical criticism of the Bible, Free Thought, Anarchism, liberal Catholicism. The book, of course, does not attempt to analyze these movements, but neither does it merely invoke the names as props to an archaic fiction. The purpose rather is to express (through the characters in the novel) formulations and rallying points of the intelligence in its search for truth. The author derives his dramatic opposition from the conflicting claims of traditional orthodox Catholicism. But while this is not a book to inspire or encourage religious fervor, it does not espouse the opposition. Its function is not to evaluate convictions but to present their conflict. This it does almost entirely in dialogue form, so that the characters are defined by, and wholly exist in, these conflicting convictions.

In the opening pages, Jean Barois is the pious son of an atheist father. Seeking, in adolescence, intellectual grounds for his faith, he is influenced by a clerical friend who has rationalized orthodoxy by distinguishing "between conventional faith and the moral and human basis of religious feeling." It is to this "modern" priest, says Barois finally, that "I owe it that now at last I can analyze so dispassionately those extinct dogmas which meant so much to me in my early life." Leaving his piously religious wife and infant daughter, Barois forms, with a sympathetic group of friends, a magazine to express and disseminate their opinions. There follows the Dreyfus Affair as the most conspicuous triumph of their efforts, after which they are themselves established as respectable leaders of public opinion, "raising the mental level of the masses and directing them towards freedom of thought."

This is the climax of Barois' career; a number of incidents mark a gradual reversal of his convictions. He is disturbed to find himself in a moment of danger, invoking the aid of God. "Say what you will," he begins to temporize, "the human mind is fundamentally religious." In his own family, his daughter enters a convent to "make compensation for what your books have done." Finally, in his last illness, Barois returns to the Faith, and (a reminder of that first priest who helped destroy his original belief) the man who now hears his confession is himself "a poor wretch who is in an almost equal plight, and has been wrestling with his own doubts for many years." Thus he muses over the dying Barois: "So to this end it has come . . . all that fine enthusiasm, a life of high endeavor! Betrayed by that stricken body. . . . Betrayed by his intellect. . . . But are not all lives thus betrayed?"

It is consistent with the peculiar tone of the book that the man who says this is himself a believer. In its oppositions, *Jean Barois* portrays the hesitant emergence, the vicissitudes, the ironic reversals of belief itself.

**The Melodramatists** combines religion and sexual promiscuity in a bizarre plot involving bishops, psychiatrists and prostitutes. It is lively, here and there, but at the cost of excessive demands on the reader's credulity. How plausible, or how amusing, is a situation where the hierarchy of the archdiocese of Boston is forced to authorize a fashionable bordello? And in any case, the reader must accept the bitter fun at the expense of such qualifying wisdom as "To be young is . . . really somewhat fake." There's a metaphor among all this which describes the novel: Time (read: *The Melodramatists*) is "a desert in which the lineaments of decisive acts crumbled or got covered, lost, in sand."

**The Lottery** is a collection of (for the greater part) better-than-average stories whose merit is most noticeable in the volume's cumulative effect. The subject of these stories is a kind of documentary treatment of contemporary urban life. Taken together they testify to its disenchantment, loneliness, perilous confusion, and these all too familiar elements, rather than any particular fiction, are what one is likely to recognize and remember from the collection. JOHN FARRELLY

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# THEATRE: Paris Season, No. 1

AS FAR AS I CAN JUDGE at this point, the present season in Paris is an improvement on what I saw when I was last here in 1947. Complaints are still heard about the inflation which leaves the ordinary French citizen with very little change from his food bill. The fact remains that forty plays are running in Paris today; that the Comédie Française, with two houses under its aegis, provides a rich repertory of classic and modern works; that Jean-Louis Barrault's company at the Théâtre Marigny appears in a repertory of five plays; and that all these are distinct from the five theatres devoted to opera, operetta and ballet.

The younger generation of playwrights was represented this season by Albert Camus' "The State of Siege," produced by Barrault, and "Les Epiphanies," by the poet Henri Pichette. Both had been taken off before my arrival, and Louis Jouvet's revival of Giraudoux's "Ondine" will open after my departure. Revivals are extremely common here, because managements will bring back an "old" play—a play only two or three seasons old—whenever they are short of a new one.

**The Paris theatre** is different from ours in its defects as well as in its virtues; it is more "democratic," less uniform. Just as in the theatre's *foyers* here one may buy an Eskimo pie or an excellent brandy, so there is a wide range of plays from Shakespeare, Molière and Claudel on the one hand to risqué farces on the other. It is easy to speak of sophistication in the Parisian theatre with the sets of Christian Bérard or André Masson in mind, but that is to forget the unbelievable crudity not only of settings but of staging and acting in many other productions.

The Parisian theatre, seen as a whole, is a free-for-all, in which the honored minority of the ultra-modern stand side by side with a majority so old-fashioned as to be classed technically with the theatre of the 1850's. New York's best and worst are not so far apart, but a production by Jouvet and one in a routine boulevard theatre belong to different worlds.

What constitutes the common denominator in the New York theatre is a kind of college-educated competence. We demand in New York that a play appear grown-up, that it look slick, that a sufficient sum of money be spent on it so that a prosperous middle class cannot regard it as uncomfortably beneath its standard. The Parisian theatre public is much more naïve. It does not particularly seek the look of luxury in its productions. It is not necessarily shocked by raw sentiment. It does not have to be convinced that what it is enjoying is somehow new or original. It is not fearful of crudity. It is always ready to be broad.

There is something of the perennial gallery god in the Parisian theatregoer. His first desire is not that the theatre offer him a refined pleasure but a zestful one. The rough and tumble of the street fair seems to the Frenchman of almost every class very much part of even the most serious theatre. That is why you will often find plays on a high literary level done in what a New Yorker would consider a tacky manner, just as you will sometimes see shows of a willfully cheap quality performed with extraordinary deftness.

**The first play** I went to see was a farce extravaganza by Alfred Savoir, "Le Figurant de la Gaîté," of prewar vintage. I wanted to see Gérard Philipe, the best actor under thirty in France, who was playing the lead. In Savoir's piece, Philipe appears in the role of an extra in a popular-price opera house. This young man has become wildly enamored of a vain and giddy countess who frequently occupies a box at this little theatre. By way of a joke, the boy's absurd crush is encouraged by the backstage crew. Attired in a Rajah's costume borrowed from the opera wardrobe, the boy goes out to meet and woo his lady fair. He is then given a rendezvous at the lady's apartment, where he appears in archbishop's costume, only to show up a day later as a lion tamer. He wins her finally in the only costume he owns; that of a ragamuffin from the opera "Louise."

The play is an attempt at a humorously romantic cross between the facile frivolity of the boulevard theatre and the literary fancifulness made popular during the twenties by the off-center groups of Jouvet, Dullin, Baty. What struck me most in this production was the presence of Philipe, a great movie "name"* in a part which, like the play, is nothing but an extended improvisation. But just this is what is engaging and, in the best sense, professional about the French actor's attitude. He does not, like Hollywood stars on Broadway, wait to find the sure-fire vehicle because it is the only play he is likely to appear in for several years. Philipe thought it would be fun to do a play between such movie engagements as "The Charterhouse of Parma" and the new René Clair "Faust," and he plays the Savoir farce in a spirit of boyish frolic.

Philipe is not essentially a comedian. His is an extremely sensitive, thoughtful, rather introverted nature. Yet there is so much good will, sweetness and modesty in him, so honest an exuberance in the way he lends himself to his task, that he wins us without our ever asking ourselves whether we think him "good" or whether, as an American actor might ask, by giving so much energy to a lark, he will forfeit some of his prestige.

The answer is that the audience here adores him. Because it adores him it does not mind that most of the cast is shockingly crude, that the direction is hit-or-miss, that the physical production (which is not without taste) looks as if it had been dreamed up overnight and cost seventeen dollars. The spirit is what counts. And Gérard Philipe's spirit is fine.

HAROLD CLURMAN

*Philipe will be seen in America very shortly in a film adaptation of Raymond Radiguet's novel, "Devil in the Flesh."

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# ON THE AIR: Television Dance

THE BALLET should be a natural for television. Back in the dawn of 1937, a pioneer named Edward Padula directed a cast of nine dancers before three NBC cameras in a modern number by Hanya Holm, "Metropolitan Daily." A contemporary dance critic wrote that the production was "beautifully integrated," which was saying a good deal for television at a time when both its equipment and its methods were experimental. But now I have seen video's up-to-date technique applied to the dance. On two successive Monday nights (at nine) I watched "Through the Crystal Ball" on CBS-TV, and I must report that television ballet is still in the ice age.

Anatole Chujoy, editor of *Dance Encyclopedia* and as articulate a ballet expert as I know, was bearish about modern television's ability to project the dance adequately when we discussed the subject last January. He felt that the most television can communicate to us at present is "the kinesthetic, purely physical, entirely muscular" tricks which the dancer has in common with the acrobat. "The esthetic interaction between dancer and audience," he insisted, "cannot be brought to the home screen under our present system of television." Chujoy is clairvoyant. CBS's "Crystal Ball," unplanned when we talked, is anchored to the ground.

**Many elements of** successful dance are on the CBS show. In the opening, Michael Kidd staged some diverting choreography, starring himself with the expert assistance of Anita Alvarez, Virginia Conwell and a fine corps in a fresh, amusing pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." On the second evening, George Balanchine produced "Cinderella," with leads assigned to Tanaquil LeClerc ; and Herbert Bliss. Paul Belanger directed both performances. The music was recorded, but it had been well chosen and integrated so neatly that the effect was of a live orchestra. Lawrence Goldwasser's sets and George Bockman's costumes were in the spirit of the two numbers, and Belanger's cameras flowed smoothly enough. Jimmy Savo appeared in the double role of narrator and charming chorus.

Yet with that company of notable talent, "Crystal Ball" remained static and mechanical. CBS and the Ford dealers who sponsor the venture are to be congratulated for trying, especially since they knew they would be charged with being "too highbrow," but all they have been able to show thus far is good intentions.

**While we're on** CBS-TV, let's dispose of another colossal venture: the Fred Waring show whereon that maestro brings his Pennsylvanians to revolve on special platforms before the cameras for a full hour Sundays at nine. Waring's orchestra, glee club and soloists do their usual repertory, from schmaltz to spirituals, at a fine pace. On radio, they have long provided a good, solid program of popular and semi-classical music, a mixture of sweet jazz and middlebrow medley that's always acceptable, occasionally exciting. But television adds little to the effect—unless you consider frequent closeups of Waring's pleasant face important.

Samuel Chotzinoff, the NBC man in charge of symphonic music, once said he doubted that any orchestra, no matter what kind and no matter how good, would be successful on television without Toscanini. Waring proves the point. Despite the fancy equipment—revolving platforms constitute only one item—the production is unimaginative. On the DuMont network, there is a piano-solo session by Ted Steele, whose program profits from inventive lighting, a creative use of the camera. A young fellow named Leonard Valenta does that job, and I recommend him to Waring and CBS.

Not even Valenta, however, could save another television hour, presided over by Paul Whiteman on the ABC-TV network. This one is called "TV

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Teen Club" (Saturdays at nine). "Pops" Whiteman herds a couple of thousand screaming teen-agers into a Philadelphia armory and, with the help of his daughter Margo, puts some youngsters through a painfully amateurish program of yodeling, tap-dancing and other antics. The kids have a good time, but the image orthicon camera wasn't invented for weekly devotion to high-school assemblies. "Pops," who has been running his Teen Club for some time, is doing neither his young admirers nor his daughter a service by displaying them in this hour of laborious "variety." Margo Whiteman could make her way much better alone.

Television has enough variety shows in any case. The same goes for puppets. Ditto for lessons in charades. It could use more "how to" programs. An example is "Cartoon Teletales," which two brothers, Jack and Chuck Luchsinger, use for teaching drawing every Sunday at six on ABC-TV. Jack reads a light children's story about an animal or a bird or a fish—real or imaginary—while Chuck illustrates the story before your eyes. A sponsor would be no fool to pick them up.

**Radio is spouting** blood from a new faucet. Dick Powell has opened in a mayhem opera that will edify no one, young or old. His show is "Richard Diamond, Private Detective." It's full of gore, dames whose charms and general availability are not left to the imagination, lusty criminals whose ambitious labors are furthered by deft knife work and fast gunplay. You'll find this mixture on the Sabbath at seven. It is distributed by NBC, the network, you may recall, which a year and a half ago banned mystery shows and whodunits from the air before 9:30 p.m. in an effort to preserve young America's freedom from nightmare. But in those days NBC had Jack Benny Sundays at seven.

SAUL CARSON

## MOVIES: Revolt in Cuba

DESPITE THE PRESENCE of John Garfield and Jennifer Jones in the leads, "We Were Strangers" belongs to John Huston, the director. Huston is building himself a reputation as the strongest, most assured director in Hollywood and "We Were Strangers" is a notably disciplined picture.

The effect of this firm hand is to bring the actors together on one performing level, to make Miss Jones more flexible and articulate than she normally appears, to reduce the flamboyance of Garfield's usual manner, and to elevate the supporting players and bit parts to essential participation in the work. No one is wasted and no one is superfluous.

Huston is also reported to be one of the least intimidated of the movie makers and the picture would bear this out. It is the story, abstracted from Robert Sylvester's novel, *Rough Sketch*, of a small, grotesque plot invented by Cuban revolutionaries in the final weeks of Machado's tyranny. The situation calls for a steady look at the self-destructive techniques of dictatorship, at the serum of revolt produced by reactionary pressure. Current parallels to Machado's misrule are not difficult to supply, and this preoccupation with resistance to oppression and terror is a far cry from the proper diet of a chastened Hollywood.

Tony Fenner (Garfield) is a young Cuban American who has come down from New York to help unseat the dictator and who conceives for that end a melodramatic device that involves drilling a long tunnel through one of Havana's cemeteries. He enlists in the project a small group of patriots who have reasons, personal or ideological, for wagering their lives on a long gamble. Notable among them are China Valdes (Miss Jones) and Guillermo (Gilbert Roland). The force of the picture is channeled superbly into the mining project. The drillers, work-

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ing around the clock, become strangers to reality, almost lose sight of their purpose in fascination with the implacable and grisly work.

The nemesis that tracks them is a police officer, Pedro Armendariz, who was also the fine policeman in John Ford's "The Fugitive." Armendariz is cunningly employed as an impersonal evil intelligence, and a scene in which he puts aside his inhuman pose seems to me, for all its effectiveness, a flaw in the picture.

Roland, as a handsome dock worker, a man with pleated shirts, an insolent straw hat and a guitar, is really the star of the film. Huston uses him as a sort of Calypso chorus; it is through him that the motives of the group become explicit. He is brilliant in his role of charming, faintly irresponsible heroism. But he also carries the brunt of a script that is overwindy. Huston's camera work is beautiful and his feel for relationships and dramatic pace is faultless. He has an unhappy taste for, or is deaf to, reverberating sentiments, but with that reservation, he has made a first-class picture.

**The British enthusiasm** that has preceded "The Guinea Pig" across the ocean does the picture poor service. Comparisons, even box-office comparisons, with "Hamlet" and "Henry V" place too much burden on an honorable but not strong production.

It is likely that the theme of the picture seems more challenging to an English audience than it does to us. The son of a tobacconist is granted a scholarship to one of Britain's oldest, most tradition-bound public schools. This guinea pig of the Labour Party's educational experiments (Richard Attenborough) tries to find a place in the alien climate; tries to make himself agreeable to his fellows and his masters without repudiating his background and his conviction of "wot's right."

His toughest adversary is the aging house master (Cecil Trouncer), a man dedicated inflexibly to the ivied history of the school who abets his charges in their harassing of the intruder. His friends are the master's daughter (Sheila Sim) and a new teacher, ex-RAF and a pipe smoker (Robert Flemyng). Between them, and aided by the proud middle-class virtues of the boy and his parents, the young couple reform the old man. Attenborough is accepted into the school community, new red blood for the ancient aristocratic halls.

The kind of snobbery this film attacks (and itself never quite surmounts) has its parallel in America, but it has no standing here. We may, in fact, divide our people into gentlemen and commoners, but we have always been a little uneasy about it. And the phenomenon of a boy vaulting out of the position destiny has assigned him is not remarkable to us.

If it were a more perceptive picture, if it cut a little deeper into the anatomy of privilege and prejudice, "The Guinea Pig" would be more compelling as a story and would probably make us squirm more for our own misdeeds. But it is a bland film, with everyone walking more or less on eggs. Its characters and many of its situations are the stock material of English school pictures and the hearty conclusion is entirely arbitrary.

Attenborough, finally, has not the talent for the job. He is a leaden sort of actor who plays the parts assigned him with a literal intelligence. He cannot animate them with any conviction from within himself and he has always been handicapped by a lack of personal charm. "The Guinea Pig," a decent film with a worthy aim, has the dullness of manifest virtue.

**The new** Shirley Temple vehicle, "Adventure in Baltimore," is a cross between "Our Town" and "I Remember Mama," and the only remarkable thing about it is that Christopher Isherwood is said to have collaborated on the original story. It reveals in him an unsuspected talent as a pastry cook.

Miss Temple's adventure takes place in 1905, a year when the horse and buggy was making its last stand and when our demurely brazen heroine outraged the neighborhood by embracing the cause of free womanhood. Her idea of emancipation, it should be understood, is to limit herself to two

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petticoats at a wearing instead of the customary five and to submit the painting (she paints) of a lightly clad male to a local art competition. But since her father, the good, gray Robert Young, is a local pastor with aspirations to the bishopric, Miss Temple's egalitarianism proves trying. Papa, however, takes his burden to God and the gossips are shown the error of their ways.

All this is perhaps very charming, but the atmosphere is so relentlessly cute as to give the impression after a time that Americans at the turn of the century were not quite right in the head. This feeling is strengthened by John Agar, Miss Temple's real-life husband, who plays the boy next door with a turtle-neck sweater and an expression of complete vacuity. Agar's manly distaste for playacting is more and more evident; his career is turning into a domestic martyrdom.

**With the distribution** last year of the American "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" and the release now of the British "Miranda," we have a body of manatee cinematography on which a general statement can be based. The statement is that the imaginative genius that conceives of stuffing a comely girl into the rear end of a rubber fish cannot maintain itself in this rarefied atmosphere of fantasy.

The Cornwall fish lady differs from her West Coast cousin in that she speaks English and is well grounded in human coquetry. Otherwise the films are similar: both attractive anomalies are caught by gentlemen of the highest virtue on fishing holidays; both cavort in bathtubs and eat pet goldfish; they sing what seems to be the same current Atlantis hit song, and they provoke domestic friction during their holiday on land. These coincidences perhaps offer no ground for court action, mermaids being undoubtedly in the public domain. But movie-goers who laughed (if they did) at the arch humor of "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" may find the situation wearing a little thin in "Miranda."

ROBERT HATCH

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Welcome

SIR: Allow me to congratulate you on securing Harold Ickes. What a pair, T.R.B. and Ickes, two of the finest commentators money can't buy!

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*Escalon, Calif.*

SIR: Congratulations on getting Harold Ickes as a weekly contributor. I look forward to reading his forthright analyses of current events.

*New York City* J. TABACHNITOV

### Civil Liberties in Turkey

SIR: The article, "Thought Control in Turkey," by Mark Gayn (the *NR*, March 7), is misleading out of context. The incidents he reports give a false impression of the Turkish Republic today. Turkey should not be compared with America but rather with her neighbors and her own past, and then the real progress she has made toward liberalism and democracy can be appreciated.

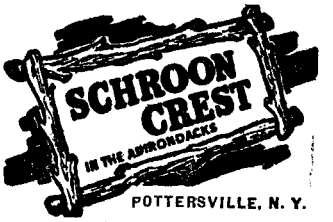
Certainly there is corruption in Turkey, and there is much room for improvement, but the transformation of Turkey from 1914 to 1949 is nothing short of a miracle. It is too much, however, to expect that the change from feudalism to left-wing liberalism could be accomplished in such a short time, but the Turks have certainly progressed further on this road than most of their neighbors. Contrast the pessimistic note on the future by Mark Gayn with the directly opposite point of view of J. G. Harrison in his article, "Turkey: Democracy Gets a Lift," in the *Christian Science Monitor* of March 10.

*Cambridge, Mass.* RICHARD N. FRYE

SIR: It isn't my intention to deny Turkey's impressive progress, and I hope soon to deal with it fully. The state of civil liberties, however, isn't one of the happier features of Turkish life, and the current arrests and trials are both significant and newsworthy. To delay reporting them until I write a comprehensive Turkish report is like asking the *New Republic* not to mention a lynching until it can run a comprehensive report on the South. For my part, a documented article on the arrests of intellectuals cannot give a false impression. For us, as for the Turks, it can only suggest remedies.

*Belgrade, Yugoslavia* MARK GAYN


RESORTS

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